JOHN BULL

VOL. LXXII. 1890

3D EVERY THURSDAY

MINIMUM WAGE FOR ALL — By The Editor

DARE-DEVILS OF THE FIGHTER SWEEPS

No. 1 MOVE FOR VICTORY — by A. G. G.

NEW WARTIME WASHING METHOD THAT SAVES SOAP COUPONS

Saves 1½ Hours' Time— Cuts Down On Fuel

THE Rinso Wash-Testing Laboratories have been experimenting to see whether the housewife can do her weekly wash with less Rinso, and so save soap coupons, and also do with less fuel, in order to help the Nation.

Well, she *can* if she follows this wartime washing method, and she'll still get her clothes looking grand. Here's what to do.

HALF THE WATER

Turn on your hot tap, but run only *half* as much water as you'd normally use for the wash. Then take *two-thirds* of the amount of Rinso you used to use, mix up a lather with it and put your whites to soak in the suds for *12 minutes only*. The suds should just cover the clothes when they're well pressed down.

After the whites have soaked, wash them through and rinse in the usual way. Then put your coloureds to soak for 12 minutes in the same suds.

IT WORKS FINE

You won't find it quite so nice washing with only a little suds as you did when you could use lots. Nevertheless, this wartime washing method does *work*, although it's so wonderfully light on soap and fuel.

The actual saving of Rinso is one-third of what you normally used—or one packet of Rinso in every three. The fuel-saving—coal, gas, or electricity—is considerable, too, because you're not *boiling* the clothes and you need such a little hot water.

Then, of course, you save *time*—an hour and a half on an average wash. It's easy, too. There's no hard rubbing to do, no dollying at the copper.

Do try this special wartime way of doing the wash next Monday. It's worth it! Rinso is a No. 1 soap powder. 7d. packet—2 coupons; 3½d. packet—one coupon.

WORKS FULL-TIME IN FACTORY— FITS IN WEEKLY WASH, TOO

Mrs. Donovan combines the important full-time job of inspecting [armour-piercing shell-caps in a war factory with running a bright little home for husband and two grown-up children. "It's easy enough if you've got method," says Mrs. Donovan. For instance, the weekly wash she does by the wartime method that saves Rinso, fuel, and time. "It gets the clothes lovely and saves my gas and my soap coupons," she says.

R 3152-414-60 — *R. S. Hudson Limited*

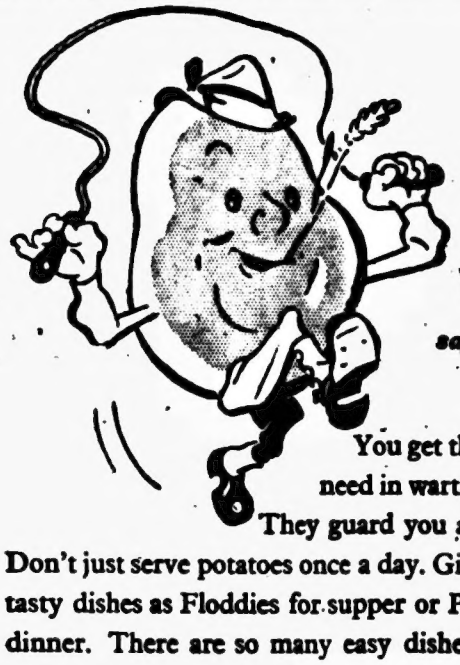
Here's a food that's STILL LESS THAN PRE-WAR PRICE

BOURNVILLE THE 5-STAR COCOA

THE 5 STARS—

★ EXTRA FOOD VALUE
★ IRON—THE BLOOD ENRICHER
★ PHOSPHATES—FOR HEALTHY GROWTH
★ AID TO DIGESTION
★ VITAMIN D—VITAL TO HEALTH

5D PER QTR. LB.



"STEP LIVELY WITH ME"

says Potato Pete

You get the *extra energy* you need in wartime from potatoes. They guard you against illness too. Don't just serve potatoes once a day. Give the family such tasty dishes as Floddies for supper or Potato Pancake for dinner. There are so many easy dishes to make — and they're all energy-givers.

POTATO PANCAKE

Cooking time: 20 minutes. *Ingredients:* 1 lb. mashed potatoes, ½ lb. cooked carrot, milk, salt and pepper. *Method:* Whip the mashed potato to a loose creamy consistency with a little milk. Season well with salt and pepper, add diced cooked carrot. Pan-fry slowly in very little fat until crisp and brown.

FREE—ask at any of the Food Advice Centres or Bureaux for a free copy of the Potato Pete Recipe Booklet, or write direct to the Ministry of Food, London, W.1.

Potatoes keep you FIGHTING FIT

Sorry Madam!
We apologise for the present shortage. Rationing of materials has enforced it. We try to distribute fairly what we do make, so keep asking your grocer until his stock arrives.

HARLEQUIN SPONGE PUDDINGS

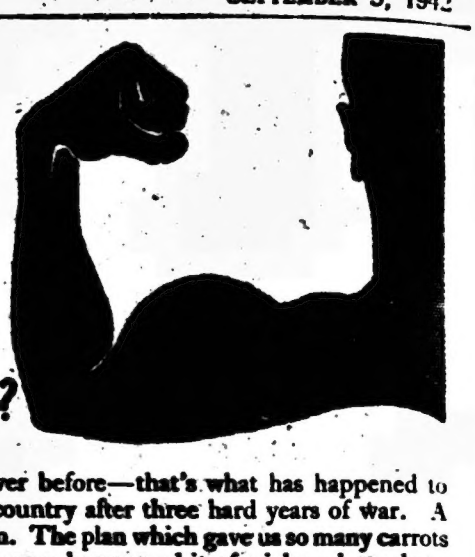
BORWICK'S BAKING POWDER

NOTE

With National Flour use half as much again of Borwick's.

The Best in the World

The Country is in training — are you?



Fitter than ever before—that's what has happened to the health of the country after three hard years of war. A miracle? No, a plan. The plan which gave us so many carrots last year that they even became a bit of a joke—but what a healthy joke! A plan which to-day gives us plenty of first-class body-builder in the larger cheese ration, plenty of energizer in the bumper potato crop. When athletes go into training they eat to a plan. With the country all out to win the war, of course it must eat to a plan. To-day's Menu for Victory? More potatoes, less bread; and your full ration of cheese.

FOOD FACTS

REMEMBER 1. To save caps from the milk bottles. Wash them, put them in a paper bag and give them to the milkman when you pay the bill.

2. To keep your old Ration Books if they contain special authorizations for milk or cod-liver oil or fruit juices. The authorizations and special pages of coupons must remain in the old Ration Books and not be transferred to the new ones.

3. To protect your new Ration Book by keeping it in an old envelope.

4. To save your butter and margarine papers for greasing dishes or covering food cooking in the oven.

THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, W.1. FOOD FACTS No. 112

There's *Health* & *Happiness* in Weetabix

Place Weetabix first on your 'points' list and your children are sure of the body-building nourishment that will keep them sturdy and strong now, to become fine healthy men and women later on. They love Weetabix; it's so delicious and so easily digested. Weetabix is the *whole* of the wheat, and contains all the health-giving vitamins and mineral salts which make wheat the most valuable of all cereals. It is ready to eat, alone or with anything in the larder and, of course, with soft fruits in season.

Weetabix supplies just what is needed for a satisfying and substantial dish.

Weetabix

More than a Breakfast Food

SMALL SIZE 2 POINTS 7½P LARGE SIZE 4 POINTS 9½P

Weetabix Ltd., Burton Latimer, Northants. WX 25

Why not Keep FIT & VITAL These Days

WHETHER yours is a service or a civilian job, long hours demand abundant energy. Energy comes from that mental and physical fitness which Bile Beans create in fullest measure.

By eliminating toxic wastes, toning digestion, and purifying the bloodstream, Bile Beans bring perfect internal harmony of all the functions governing health.

So, whatever your duties, however exacting the strain, keep fit and well by taking nightly Bile Beans.

BILE BEANS

Long before Bruce and his spider...

Through the ages wine has kept its place of honour in our domestic history. It still does. As in centuries long past the production of wines here in England is today a flourishing industry and with the added advantage of grapes ripened in sunny Empire vineyards. British wines of unsurpassed quality—known as V.P. and produced in accordance with time honoured method—may still be obtained in this country, though not indeed as readily as they were. But they are always well worth waiting for—and you have the satisfaction of knowing there is nothing to equal V.P. in quality and value.

VP POINT BRAND WINES

British wines made from finest Empire grapes have been fermented and matured in the usual way at the Vine Products vineyard in Surrey since the early days of the century. The British Wines bottled by Vine Products include V.P. RICH RUBY, V.P. SWEET WHITE and V.P. BRITISH SHERRY, all at 5/4d. a bottle.

JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, September 5, 1942,
93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468

"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true."

Straight from the Shoulder

GREAT CHANGES

WHAT are the "big events" that Mr. Churchill predicted to the troops in the Middle East?

They will be staged not only in the burning sands of Egypt and the scorched plains of southern Russia.

There will be great developments in other key-sectors of the World Front.

Eve of Battle

Odd reports trickle through of battleships massing at Gibraltar. There has been an odd slackening in our all-out air attacks on Germany, a lull before the storm breaks.

It is a storm that the free peoples of the world will welcome.

Fourth Year

In the fourth year of war that dawned this week, we must hammer the enemy in his weakest places with our strongest forces.

We have had our chance of recovering from the early shocks and misfortunes that arose from unpreparedness. We in this island have recovered from the strain of alone keeping the enemy at bay for more than a year.

Now we are strong enough to strike.

United Strategy

Where shall we strike? Let us first see how we should exert our massive strength!

All the combined forces of the United Nations must be marshalled. All must be concentrated against the enemy in a few decisive sectors, no longer dispersed along the many fronts that sprawl across the world.

All must be employed in a united strategy—which was no doubt discussed at the Moscow meeting.

Tell the World

Our common purpose should manifest in speech as in action. Let us blazon forth to all the peoples—even those in the Axis countries—our conception of the new world we are determined to fashion!

Thus shall we strengthen our military actions by winning more recruits to our cause and greatly stimulating the United Nations.

Vital Battlefield

The first of those actions covers the whole of the Middle East.

Egypt must be cleared of the enemy. General Smuts asserts that we can succeed with our present forces, and Smuts is too old and shrewd a campaigner to pipe-dream.

On to Tripoli!

But our aim must not merely be the safeguarding of Egypt.

The battle joined within march of Alexandria must not be broken off this time until we have marched on Tripoli.

We must regain control of all the Mediterranean, for thereby depends our hope of a reasonably early peace.

Italy Quakes

Roll up the North African coast, tear away the web spun by U-boat and bomber across the Sicilian Straits, and we shall relieve Malta and make possible the smashing of Italy!

More, we shall shorten our life-line to Russia by keeping the Suez free from enemy bombers.

Zhukov Advances

The example of Russia should spur us to the greatest endeavour in our history.

A million men and ten thousand tanks are grappling in the battle for Stalingrad. In the Caucasus, the German troop-carriers have rolled 800 miles forward.

But in the central sector 250,000 Germans are being rolled back two miles a day, and many are falling never to rise again.

Break-Through

This is our opportunity. Now, while the bulk of the Nazi forces are swaying back and forth across the limitless plains of Russia, let us strike at the Nazi rear and the Nazi homeland!

We should test out our Home Forces—the great Army that has not yet had its fair chance. The coasts of Europe should be their testing-ground.

Dieppe showed how the Nazi defences can be breached.

Armchair Strategy

It proved the "armchair strategists" to be right and our military leaders too cautious.

For had we cared to reinforce the division that stormed Dieppe we could have broken through on a wide front and captured an excellent port before the enemy could destroy it.

There should be bigger and deeper diversions than the Dieppe raid.

Bomb Germany!

We know the *Luftwaffe* is stretched to its utmost limit. The more reason, therefore, to begin the terrific air offensive against German arms factories and U-boat bases for which we have prepared so long. We have the men, the planes, the bombs to do it.

"American army 'planes are flowing to Britain in great numbers," General Arnold has testified. We shall hear more of him in future, for he, unlike some military commanders, is air-minded.

Nerve System

Combined with the enormous bomber strength of the R.A.F., the powerful U.S. squadrons now in this country should be able to wreck the enemy's nerve system.

Do not let us forget that his nerve centre is exposed. If we wreck the Ruhr, we deprive him of supplies for Rommel and his Russian bases.

Long Lines

Not only is he straining the productive capacity of the Ruhr. He is straining the transport lines by which his war supplies must be conveyed.

It is true that our own lines are immensely long. But his, too, are dangerously extended.

From the Ruhr to Rostov is 1,875 miles.

We can wreck that line at its starting-point.

Trust the Workers!

Never shall we have a better opportunity to launch an attack on those battlefields which offer us the promise of success at moderate cost.

We can sustain the attack. It will not need to languish for lack of weapons.

The workers can be trusted not to fail the fighting men.

Going Up

We are short of many materials. We are still irked by muddles of Ministerial making. There are still slackers and self-seekers. The U.S.A. is still afflicted with growing pains, is repeating our early mistakes.

But, on balance, our production is gratifyingly great. And American production has trebled in nine months.

According to Plan

So, in this fourth year of war, the United Nations should take the initiative.

We, the people, will be content with nothing less.

Our military appointments, our military plans, must be made accordingly. The output of arms should be stepped up to its maximum, the expenditure on non-essentials reduced to the minimum, piecemeal expedients replaced by coherent and far-sighted planning.

Atlantic Charter

Now, too, is the time to plan the peace. Now is the hour to implement the Atlantic Charter, to inspire every man and woman to work and fight as never before!

The T.U.C. should challenge the Government this week to know what we are fighting for. It should demand that at last we should know how the Government's pledges will be honoured.

Those Pledges

The abolition of aggression. The end of poverty and want. Improved labour standards. Social security. International planning of the world's riches.

All these, and more, were promised in the Atlantic Charter.

Clarion Call

Paradoxically, the war has cleared away much of the old muddle. Now is the time to decide and plan what will replace it.

Let the peoples of the earth have proof that plans are in being, and a clarion call will sound throughout the world—a call that would aptly mark the beginning of the great offensive by which the Axis armies will be broken!

(Continued overleaf)

N.G. FOR H.G.

● **Somebody has blundered badly over the Home Guard.**

An excellent scheme for increasing its strength has been scotched and bad feeling has been aroused.

Let us trace the history of the latest stupidity:

Last January, the officer commanding a detachment of the H.G. invited wardens to take weapon instruction under his instructors.

By March the wardens were shooting so well that only two of more than thirty entrants failed to qualify.

Other detachments, hearing of the move to link Civil Defence with the H.G., began similar courses.

By April, an Army Council instruction had appeared for the formation of a second category of Home Guards, in which Civil Defence workers were invited to enrol.

Though they would sign an ordinary enrolment form, this would carry a special endorsement making it clear they would muster with the H.G. only in the event of local land operations—*i.e.*, invasion.

So they would be available as trained H.G.s if necessary, and meanwhile would continue to act as wardens.

Many more Civil Defence men therefore volunteered.

Now four months later, a deadlock has been reached over the terms of enrolment.

Wardens who gave up their spare time to train are indignant. So are the instructors who coached them.

JOHN BULL suspects that friction between the higher commanders of Civil Defence and the Home Guard has led to the breakdown of an admirable scheme.

KILLED WHILE FIRE-WATCHING

● **During a recent raid in the West Midlands Mr. Harry Norgrove was on duty as a fire watcher, when he was trapped by a collapsing wall and instantly killed.**

As Mr. Norgrove was a registered reader of JOHN BULL, his widow has received a prompt cheque for the benefit provided under JOHN BULL's Free Air Raid Insurance.

JOHN BULL offers free to every reader an Insurance Policy, underwritten at Lloyd's, against Air Raids, Invasion and Bombardment.

Readers who have not already registered can obtain the necessary Registration Forms on application to "John Bull's" Insurance Department, 128, Long Acre, London, W.C.2

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

THEN there's the Home Front. Too many people think that appeals for sacrifice, hard work and everything else that all-out war calls for are meant for the other man and woman.

So Croydon Council, with an air of great sacrifice, cuts nine from the list of 90 officials using cars at public expense.

And some authorities make no cuts at all, believing officials to be too illustrious to travel by train or 'bus.

Still At It

You can still see plenty of joy-riders in country by-roads, where police with special duties penetrate all too rarely.

Farmers write suggesting where these people get their "juice."

They mention strange newcomers to farming who manage to have tractor petrol to spare at times for friends.

There are even accusations that the Black Markets run their transport on this spirit.

We've Got the Petrol

Also we get dozens of letters about people who are driven to and from the local station every day in private hire cars—even when the distances are only a few hundred yards.

And as advertisements still appear inviting you to "Drive Yourself: We Provide the Car and All the Petrol You Want," we can believe those reports.

We are actually told of a hire-purchase man who travels distances of 30 miles and more collecting accounts!

Swollen Heads

We also view as so much grit in the war wheels those officials who are making themselves more officious because it is war time, and they have an increased sense of their own importance.

Some choose to requisition a man's house with an air of swagger.

A Food Office staff, closing for the week-end, turned away a woman who was a minute late because she had to drag her three children some miles to get her ration books changed. And they knew it meant a week's rations lost.

Then soldiers' wives tell us how, going along to a Post Office with some little problem concerning their allowances, they get their heads snapped off.

A woman who has given up husband and part of her income to beat Hitler should be treated as a distinguished visitor—not, as sometimes happens, as a mendicant.

This Is Different

But a soldier's wife who went along for help from the Soldiers', Sailors' and Airmen's Families Association, wrote telling us: "There were many of us there, and they treated us as if we were gentlewomen."

Well, if they're not, who is?

Strangely, too few families of serving men know what great help this organisation will give if they have to move and can't afford all or part of the removal money.

Sixties and Sevens!

Consult them, even if you can pay for the move yourself without hardship. There's still a lot of roguery in removal circles.

A big removal firm, generally regarded as "pricey," charged £30 for a London-Cheshire job, after other firms had tendered £60, £55 and £52.

And a reader who had been quoted £15 and £12 had one more try—and got the work done excellently for £6 15s.

Five Cigarettes Rise!

But Post Office clerks in charge of branch offices—always about the worst paid of all Civil Servants—won't be able to move far.

Those controlling an annual turnover of £40,000 and upwards, which means taking charge of thousands of pounds' worth of stock, are to have a weekly increase of sixpence, making their special allowance for supervising just 6s. a week!

More Meanness

Admiralty draughtsmen, who do one of the most important of all war-jobs, belong to another Cinderella service.

Their pay being less than that of the clerical grades round them, many of the best of them have given up their vital work to become clerks.

My lords of the Admiralty, who are calling for more draughtsmen, would get better results if they rope-ended Treasury, whose cheese-paring is responsible for the shortage.

Give Him a Chance

And, incidentally, why not a leg-up for the bricklayer's labourer?

Even in these days of building trade dilution, he finds it harder to get a job as bricklayer than men—even professional men—who hardly knew what a trowel was like when the war broke out.

There's going to be a period of unexampled rebuilding after this war, and in it the "brickies" should give first chance to the "mates" who have served them well.

Royal Example

One of the last acts of the Duke of Kent before he started out on the duty-flight which ended in his death was to hand over every gramophone record he could spare—and many that he couldn't—to the British Legion, who are collecting them for the Government.

Like other members of the Royal Family, he knew how supremely important they had become to the war effort.

So—couldn't you hunt round your cupboards?

To Challenge Goebbels

It really is urgent! Shortage of shellac is holding up British propaganda overseas by means of gramophone records.

Chipped discs are welcomed—but not cracked or broken ones.

Take them to your British Legion depot—your Post Office will have the address—and you will help to carry the Truth to countries where the lying voice of Goebbels got in first.

First Come . . .

There are other people who get in first—and buy up all the elastic, cold cream, razor blades and multitudinous other things in short supply.

We refer to shop assistants who, by purchasing all they want for themselves and friends before the goods reach the counters, leave nothing for the buying public.

Quotas are for purchasers generally—not for a privileged few.

News Goes Round

One shop assistant tells us: "Our department gets small quotas of some forty different articles.

"The news is passed round the shop as each insignificant consignment arrives. Nothing reaches our customers at all.

"It isn't fair."

It is, in fact, downright cheating.

Paper Waste

But there's light relief in a 2,000-word document issued in large numbers to a battalion of a famous regiment.

We wish we could quote from this amazing document, but we think better results will be obtained by passing it to the War Office.

Let it suffice to say that its author has let his obsession with ceremonial drill blind him to the need to conserve paper.

Arithmetic

Just as wasteful of paper is a method employed by a Midland 'bus company on the Birmingham-Dudley route.

Three readers making the return journey (one of them a child) were issued with two 6d. tickets, two 4d., two 3½d., three 3d., two 2d., three 1½d., one 1d. and one ½d.—a quarter of an ounce of pasteboard in all.

Backs of the tickets gave tips on how to win the war!

Air-Raid Idea

Meanwhile, we like a suggestion that reaches us for fewer fixed first-aid posts and more mobile ones.

It obviates double-removal of bombing victims, always an undue strain. It economises man-power.

Most important of all, it brings patients into highly skilled surgical hands as quickly as is humanly possible.

Seven Speak Out

We like less a document from a Midlands post of the Royal Observer Corps, signed by seven members.

It alleges that the post met recently to make two members into full-time Class A observers.

We are told that one man pleaded that he had a "very, very good business."

This accusation must be officially probed. We want no self-appointed Tribunals.

Help China!

Now an appeal to *you*. Fifty million peace-loving Chinese have been driven from their homes by the ruthless Japs.

We, who have suffered, cannot measure China's suffering. We cannot measure her contribution to final victory.

But in the "United Aid to China Fund" we are making a British People's Gift to China.

It is the one way you, your relatives, your friends, your workmates, can rush to China's aid. Will you do it?

Behind the News

● **Deadliest sabotage organisation in Europe; specialising in destruction of vital Nazi machine-tool system, is so successful that Nazis use Scopalimine (the "truth" drug) on suspects. But each member knows only one other, and Gestapo ruse fails.**

● *In Czech armament factories Himmler places a Gestapo man beside every important machine, ready to shoot if workers attempt obstructionism. But output still falls.*

● Norwegian Quislings have been ordered to explain or "accept responsibility" (which means active service in Russia) for the inferior workmanship of 30,000 Norwegians conscripted for defence labour near Bergen and Trondjhem.

● **Hitler's Labour leader, Ley, reports that refusal of aliens to work in Germany is now too widespread to be checked by anything short of massacre—which he dare not try yet. In one week in July 4,670 Croat workers returned home.**

● *Now revealed that 17,000 people have been executed in Austria since Hitler invaded the country; 97,000 Austrians are held in prisons; 120,000 have been sent to forced labour.*

● There now seems little doubt that Stephan Horthy, Deputy-Regent of Hungary, was killed by the Nazis on Hitler's orders. Reports about his death on the Russian front recall "accidents" to other notable "friends" of Hitler.

● **Hitler hopes that, having eliminated the Deputy-Regent, he needn't wait long for the aged Regent, Admiral Horthy, to die, and leaderless Hungary fall like a ripe fruit into his hand.**

● *While Nazis writhe at failure to exterminate Poland, Free Poles are now fifth largest Allied army, and their air force has dropped more than 4,000 tons of bombs on Germany in 3,000 sorties, and shot down over 500 Nazi machines.*

● Himmler has paid a visit to Finland. Coming so soon after Hitler's conversations with Mannerheim, it looks as if Himmler's drastic methods are to be employed to keep the reluctant Finns in the war.

● **Hitler has been spending the last few weeks in Berlin. His presence was required for far-reaching reorganisation of the Nazi war machine, necessitated by General Staff fears regarding the Second Front.**

● *Stringent measures have, at the same time, been taken to "strengthen" the German home front. Executions of "traitors," all of whom were said to have tried to weaken German's resistance, are multiplying.*

● Laval and Co. are so uncertain about the temper of their people and loyalty of hitherto trusted troops, that most garrisons round Vichy have been replaced by native colonial troops ignorant of European affairs.

● **Japs at home no longer hide their doubts about Tokio claims of "annihilation" of Allied navies. Public incredulity has forced recall of General Ushiriko, Chief of Staff in China, to a defence job.**

Without Fear or Favour *By the Editor*

MINIMUM WAGE FOR ALL

EVERY month, almost every week, money becomes "tighter" for the vast majority of the people.

Every worker, every housewife, finds it progressively harder to make ends meet.

But the more our purses shrink, the louder grows the cry of a fortunate minority that wages are too high!

Even the Government is stonily setting its face against further wage rises. "There must be a limit," it declares, to pay and pension increases.

No doubt. But the limit has not yet been reached.

Wages cannot be "pegged" *unless* the cost of living is held steady, and *until* they are big enough to cover that cost with a small margin of comfort.

There should, in fact, be a minimum standard of life officially fixed for the entire community.

There should be a minimum wage established for every worker in the country. And it should be done now!

This is not to say that every man and woman should receive the same pay.

That outmoded idea of socialistic "equality" has few supporters.

Sir William Beveridge thinks it would have been a good thing for the country if everyone had been put on soldier's pay at the outbreak of war.

He does not tell us what is a "soldier's pay." Perhaps he forgets that some soldiers get higher pay than others—that the sergeant is better paid than the private, and the general receives a good deal more than the sergeant.

No. What is needed is that every worker should, in Mr. Bevin's phrase, receive the "rate for the job."

That rate should be stepped up, either by a flat increase or a war bonus, to meet the dearer cost of living.

In some industries, this has been done. But not in all!

In this war of "equality of sacrifice," there is now more inequality than ever before.

Thousands of people are earning good wages for the first time in their lives. Tens of thousands more are infinitely poorer because they have to strain to meet war costs on a peace-time wage packet.

The Government alone is to blame.

It has no wages policy. It has pursued a policy of drift. It has sat back and hoped for the best.

Sheer pressure of public opinion has forced it grudgingly to grant a few increases to our fighting men and their dependants, to Civil Defence personnel and some Civil Servants.

BUT it has not concerned itself with the problems of industrial workers. It has left them to fend for themselves.

Those with the backing of powerful unions have managed to bargain for a few extra shillings a week. And the rest have had their claims ignored.

Now we are told, by some wiseacres who have never raised a finger to bring about a sensible wage policy, that the Government should step in and forbid further wage increases.

Otherwise, they say, inflation will follow.

But will it? Should we not probe the causes of inflation before we allow ourselves to be frightened into a condition of deepening poverty for the many and riches for the few?

Certainly the black shadow of inflation is looming nearer. The fiduciary issue—which means the amount of paper money that is not "backed" by gold—has reached astronomical figures.

To avert the danger, we must spend less on non-essentials.

The Government has said so. JOHN BULL has been saying so for eighteen months.

And the Government, all too slowly and all too belatedly, has taken steps to reduce the amount of non-essential goods that we can buy with our spare money. But, so far, it has gone only half the way.

As we have pointed out time and again, there is still a vast traffic in the goods that we can do without in these perilous days.

That traffic will not be reduced by keeping the workers underpaid. For the workers—even those receiving comparatively high wages—are not the spendthrifts that a few scaremongers like to depict.

The prices of diamonds and other precious stones are leaping skyhigh.

Are they being bought by aircraft workers?

There is a brisk trade in Old Masters and costly art treasures of all kinds.

Are they being bought to adorn the homes of munition workers?

Some people are advertising for country houses with a dozen bedrooms.

Are they shipwrights?

Other advertisers appeal for butlers.

Are butlers and footmen kept by wardens and firemen?

The truth is that the Government has utterly failed to impose a maximum standard of expenditure.

It will be guilty of equally grave folly if it attempts to impose a "ceiling" to wage increases before creating a "floor" of minimum wages to carry it.

We may expect the Trades Union Congress, meeting this week to discuss the problems of war and peace, to warn the Government against so preposterous a policy.

The General Council of the T.U.C. declared months ago that any attempt to control the upward movement of wages was "impracticable and undesirable."

NOTHING has happened in the meantime to invalidate this considered and thoughtful statement.

Indeed, Mr. Bevin has told the workers that he does not care how much they earn, so long as they deliver the weapons of victory.

It may be said that, the higher the level of wages, the greater will be our war production.

For wages are a sure indication of production.

If they are depressed, then the standard of life will be depressed, morale will be depressed, and production will fall.

Let that fact be noted by our self-esteemed economists and the more old-fashioned of Mr. Bevin's colleagues.

Let them draw up, in order to keep up the workers' output, a minimum wage rate for every industry that will assure our people of decent living conditions.

And let it be done *now*.

Judges Are Prisoners in Germany

WITHIN the compound of a Nazi concentration camp a weary old man, whose prison clothes could not hide the dignity of his appearance, whose face and features revealed a life of learning, stopped to look bewildered at a fellow prisoner.

★ ★ ★

Only a few weeks earlier he had faced him in a German court of law over which he had presided as supreme judge. In this court of so-called justice he had been expected to pronounce a savage sentence on the man, who had been indicted as "a deserter from the German labour front."

Vividly the judge remembered how his fellow-prisoner had appealed to him. He had been working hard for months, was ill and on the verge of exhaustion. He had taken a couple of days off to recuperate, but a vicious Nazi foreman had denounced him. Then the judge was ordered to send him to prison for a long term.

After hearing all the evidence the judge dismissed the case. But the authorities had different views about the new Nazi justice. The acquitted worker and his judge were sent to the same concentration camp.

If you read the Nazi newspaper, *Das Schwarze Korps*, you will find nothing extraordinary in this fantastic scene. It conforms to the conception of justice as Hitler himself has laid it down. A man, declared innocent in a court of law, is still liable to severe punishment. A judge who obeys his conscience is a candidate for the concentration camp.

In a civilised country it is not easy to visualise what this means. All written law has been abolished in Germany. Judges are forced to interpret the law according to the whim of the Nazi tyrants.

No man in Germany to-day knows when he offends one of the unwritten laws. He cannot say a word without fearing that a Nazi eavesdropper might interpret it as inimical to Nazi principles.

★ ★ ★

If he is brought to court there is no judge who would dare to acquit him, however small the crime, however negligible the offence. No excuse, however justified, counts. Unless sentence is pronounced the judge finds himself in the dock, and, more likely than not, in prison.

It has gone much further since Hitler publicly proclaimed himself supreme arbiter of the law. Every day the Nazi Press publishes announcements issued from the H.Q. of Himmler, the Chief of the Nazi Police and the S.S. Black Guards:

Alfred Boehm, such an announcement would say, has been shot by order of the Reichs Leader of the S.S.

★ ★ ★

That is all. There is no hint of trial, of sentence. No defending counsel has been called in to put the case of the accused. He himself has not been given a hearing.

Nazi justice knows only one course.

Prosecutor, judge and executioner are the same person.

Death sentence for a small-time thief, death sentence for a mother who obtained extra milk for her small daughter, death sentence for a worker who changed his job without permission!

In one single copy of the *Voelkischer Beobachter* I counted eight announcements of executions. The description of crime and trial in each case covered not more than three lines.

There are no longer any judges in Germany—only press-buttons of the vilest gangster rule that has ever sullied mankind.

W. F.

OPEN LETTERS

Rt. Hon. Sir WILLIAM JOWITT, K.C., M.P., Paymaster-General

DEAR SIR,—It's a poor builder who lays the foundations of a house before looking at the plans.

But the Government is more reckless still. It hasn't even any plans to look at.

Soon, we are told, an ambitious house-building programme will be started. Directly labour can be spared from the construction of factories and aerodromes, homes of the Better and Brighter Britain will appear.

But where and how are they to be built? What is to happen to the replanning of the country of which we have heard so much?

Are they to be dumped down on any vacant plot of land? Are they to create new townships without regard to transport facilities and the requirements of industry?

For we have not began to plan. We have had two official reports, certainly. We have a multitude of unofficial societies interested in the problem and all pulling different ways.

But we have no Central Planning Authority. We have no blueprint for the factory areas and residential districts that must be shaped after the war.

You, who are responsible for guiding the reconstruction policy of the Government, will have to act quickly. You will have to see that the plans are framed ready for the builders. —JOHN BULL.

The CORPORATION, Southend-on-Sea

GENTLEMEN,—If your views were unique, they could be tolerated with a smile. But because they are shared by councils throughout the land, they make most people wild with rage and shame.

You are going to allow members of the Forces to play games on Sunday in the public parks. But no one else will dare to touch a ball—so Service teams will be unable to play Civil Defence or factory teams.

Why, one of your aldermen even said that Sunday games would do much to prevent us from winning the war! Tell me, who said that the Sabbath was made for man and not man for the Sabbath? —JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. Sir KINGSLEY WOOD, M.P., Chancellor of the Exchequer

DEAR SIR,—Though you do not say so, you evidently think our fighting men are well paid.

I don't. Nor, I am sure, will the White Paper on their pay and allowances enable you to gag the demand for a fairer deal.

It may be true, as the White Paper states, that an unmarried private receives the equivalent of £3 a week.

It may be true that a married private with two children receives something like £3 17s. a week if his food, clothing and accommodation are taken into account.

But what of that? The point is not that soldiers are poorer paid than many civilians; the point is that some of them cannot keep out of debt on their present allowances.

Particularly is this the case with the families of Servicemen. Despite the system of War Service grants, many wives of our fighting men are suffering real hardship.

Eventually you will be forced to give them a better standard of life. But don't wait to be pushed: Do it Now!—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. Major LLOYD GEORGE, M.P., Minister of Fuel and Power

DEAR SIR,—Though I'd like to be enthusiastic, I find your fuel economy scheme half-baked.

It shouldn't be, of course, for you have been preparing it for months. And the peril of fuel shortage has faced the Government for more than a year—long before you were promoted to your present position.

Let me discuss the points in detail. Your idea of "target units" for each family is so complicated and wordy that the average householder has neither the time nor the patience to work out all the figures involved.

A typical product of the Civil Service mind that adores complications and complexities, it should be scrapped in favour of a simple and direct appeal to every family to save a quarter of its present fuel consumption.

Next, there is the irritating anomaly of the flat-rate system for gas and electricity, which compels thrifty housewives to pay for what they do not burn.

Your Ministry promised me weeks ago that it was urgently considering this obvious deterrent to war economy. But nothing has happened.

Finally, you still have not solved the problem of increasing the miners' output—nor even persuaded all local councils to extinguish street lights in daytime.

But I hope for better things from you.—JOHN BULL.

LORD HORDER, Famous Physician

MY LORD,—The Government listens to you. I'm sure it would listen if you gave it some good advice on one of the worst of war health problems.

One of your fellow-doctors has just spoken of the official meanness that condemns the sick to hopeless poverty.

A nurse in a chest hospital contracted tuberculosis and is now a patient herself. She receives only 2s. a week disablement allowance to provide her with clothing and the little comforts of life.

Another girl nurse who became infected gets 2s. 6d. a week.

One more example: A girl consumptive appealed to a relieving officer for assistance. She had in her bag 5s. which she had borrowed.

"Come back when you're destitute," said the relieving officer harshly.

She left, vowing that she'd rather work and die than apply again for State help. She did indeed go back to work—and collapsed after six weeks.

I wish you'd drop a hint to the Minister of Health that poverty is the most powerful ally of disease.—JOHN BULL.

Miss FLORENCE HORSBRUGH, M.P., Parliamentary Secretary, Ministry of Health

DEAR MADAM,—What an astonishing lack of common-sense seems to characterise many of your billeting officers!

Their tactless officiousness, their insistence on the letter of the law, can only lead to injustice and indignation.

They are forcing evacuees on people who cannot properly cater for them.

It may not at first sight appear harsh that a young married couple should have to accept three lodgers.

But both husband and wife are engaged on war work for long hours. The wife has no time in the morning to prepare breakfast for the strangers—nor can she manage to provide them with meals without dipping into her own pocket, so meagre is the billeting allowance.

Take another case. Husband and wife are both over seventy. They are poor, their flat is large enough only for themselves, the woman is not very active because of rheumatism, the man works from 6.30 till late evening. How can such old people look after others?

And why should they, indeed, when so many big houses in London are empty and when so many richer people are "overlooked" by your officers?

Most of us will uncomplainingly co-operate in your scheme, however much we may regret the disappearance of our privacy. But see that the overworked, the old and the frail are not harshly treated!—JOHN BULL.

ARGUE IT OUT By PALLAS

This Slur on Our Women

EVERYWHERE you go in this fighting island of ours you see women doing their bit. A magnificent bit it is, too. They are speeding the plough, manning gun sites, turning out planes, building tanks and ships, running buses, toiling at laborious, exhausting jobs on railways.

They answered Britain's call when Britain was in peril. They left poor homes and rich homes. They left their families. They gave up their leisure and many of those things which in happier days were deemed essential to the life of woman.

But, believe it or not, *these women are dangerous.* At least, they are if the National Men's Defence League (Slogan: "Men's Jobs For Men") is campaigning on the right lines.

Read this and realise the menace that is ahead. It is taken from a pamphlet distributed by the League . . .

"As soon as Hitlerism has been defeated the combined forces of various men's organisations will launch their campaign against a menace just as threatening to Britain as Hitlerism—**Feminism.**" (This last word in black, Mr. Printer, please, just as it appears in the pamphlet.)

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The League winds up with the appeal: "Men of Britain, prepare to fight against the feminine invasion, this menace to your job, to family life and to the very existence of Britain as a first-rate Power. **Plan the offensive NOW.**"

It has been my unhappy lot to read a lot of claptrap in my time. But I cannot recall reading a more stupid, more ignorant or more trumpery argument than the above.

So, when we've settled with Reichsfuehrer Adolf Hitler we will have to meet and overcome another threat equally grave to our homes. Our freedom will still be in peril; our land will still face the threat of being seared and befouled by a loathsome conqueror.

Over us will still loom the shadow of persecution and slavery and misery and hunger and suffering and despair. Our women—those very women who are the new menace—will still be in danger of violation, of untold horrors, of unspeakable tortures.

How pleasant for the women who toil and sweat in this valiantly striving land of ours to think that they are just being exploited as soulless machines, to be cast aside without reward or consideration when the day of victory dawns!

And what dangerous poison to instil into the minds of our fighting men that unless they divert some of their energies from hastening that day they will come back to a Britain of idleness and want!

In this country to-day there are neither men nor women—there are only Britons, all out to smash Hitler. There is equality in sacrifice, equality in effort. They all know there's the hardest job in history to tackle—and they're getting on with it.

★ ★ ★

Any "menace" of feminism as such will not exist after the war. The men who come back will come back to work, to fair wages, to decent living.

They have earned those things. They will get them. And woe to the Government that tries to deny them those fundamental rights.

Talk to-day of sex antagonism in industry, of economic sex war to come is stupid talk, dangerous talk and wild talk. It is contrary to all the principles for which men and women are fighting and toiling to-day.

A soldier, a sailor or an airman worrying about his future is not as good a fighting man as he should be. That's why this talk should be stopped!

★ *JOHN CASHEL, in another of his close-ups of the war in the skies, takes you right into the thrills of the daily forays across the Channel, usually dismissed in the R.A.F. official reports in the blasé words: 'Our fighters made further sweeps over enemy-occupied territory to-day'*

Dare-Devils of the Sweeps

NO braver pilots fly in the R.A.F. than those low-level *strafers* of the Fighter "Circuses," as they call the daylight sweeps, that tour over Hun-ridden France and the Low Countries.

To-day these mass circuses blacken the hostile skies, but to see how fast they've grown let's begin at their birth early in 1941 when I was one of their first visitors.

I was meeting the two first pilots to distinguish themselves by the circus "trick" over Northern France. They were hard-hating Poles of the famous 303 Squadron who had just shot-up an aerodrome.

One left the amazed Germans gasping as he grazed his wing-tip on their gun-post in raking it with fire. The other brought home on his Hurricane one of the drome's telegraph wires.

Now with a cheery "See you again after lunch," they were taking off with 303 and with the crack "Millionaires' Squadron" who shared their airfield, on the next stage of their extended scourge.

A whole Wing of them—some thirty-six 'planes!

To-day three hundred are common, five hundred frequent, and one thousand in a day occasional with more promised!

And more often than not the "invincible" *Luftwaffe*, turned "invisible," cower at their camouflaged dispersal points to economise their thinned resources.

Over sea and land the circuses sweep, shooting up small ships, 'dromes and 'planes, gun-sites, troops, ammunition dumps, railway engines and factories.

Such expeditions are grave, when they hunt in singles, pairs, sixes, squadron or wing, and individual initiative has its fling; though the restrained team work in close protection of bombers in the big sweeps is no less important.

These days the epics of the circuses are legion, written with fearless daring and cool skill high and low in the skies by Home, Empire and Allied pilots of the most cosmopolitan Air Force in the world.

Wing Commander "Paddy" Finucane wrote some of the best of these stirring episodes.

As always, he did it in the teeth of withering *flak* fire which comes up from the defenders even if the *Luftwaffe* fail to rise.

Startling Effect

When this great flyer lost his life he staggered the Germans before they hit his Spitfire as, a few feet above the beach, he flew straight at a gun-post in the sand dunes near *Pointe du Touquet*.

In an earlier onslaught he flew his Wing in at deck level during a shipping attack off Ostend with such startling effect that the Hun crews jumped overboard.

An American sergeant pilot, swooping in low to take his turn when Spitfires cannoned and machine-gunned ships off the French coast, had his aircraft flung on to the water by *flak* explosions.

It bounced like a ball, and as it did so he regained control in time to kill one of the ship's gunners who was firing at the flight commander.

The American pulled up violently, but his wing-tip struck a mast and at that moment he was "hit by everything." Large holes were blown in his cockpit hood, wings and fuselage, and one petrol tank began to leak.

His engine caught fire four times as he flew back across ninety miles of Channel. Each time he put out the flames by side-stepping violently. Only when fire started a fifth time and he was soaked in petrol himself and feared he'd burst into flames did he bale out.

Over they go, with clock-like precision. When they escort bombers everything is timed to the minute

Strafing goods trains at Contemarck, Belgium, a Canadian pilot, anxious to ensure absolute accuracy in his aim, flew along the railway track so low that he hit a signal arm with a wing-tip. But he made a successful attack and returned safely.

A Spitfire squadron leader and his "Number Two" on a *strafing* expedition saw a factory opposite the railway station at Zebrugge. They fired it with cannon and machine-gun tracers.

On returning home the squadron leader was able to report that the factory was in Lisseweghe Street. He noticed the name as he came down to roof-top level!

So low do many of these *strafers* descend that numerous cases could be cited of their returning with hedge foliage or branches of trees "collected" on their aircraft.

Mast-high attacks on ships in the face of intense *flak* are the rule and not the exception.

Operating with fighters or alone, Hurri-bombers with their 500-lb. load bring larger prey into the scope of these shipping attacks. A destroyer and two heavily armed minesweepers are among recent victims.

They fly at mast level and aim, torpedo-like, at "firing" their delayed-action bombs at the vessel.

Blacken the Sky

In contrast to the harassing lone or small-team raiders of the circuses are the massed operations where fighters cover bombers, or, as in the Dieppe raid, put an "umbrella" over Army and Navy alike in combined operations and give the support of Army co-operation aircraft and bombers to the ground forces.

Though mass sweeps, blackening the sky with hundreds of 'planes, are dependent on the dominant weather factor, they are usually decided on less than half an hour beforehand despite the immense amount of planning involved.

Many people do not realise that fast single-seater fighters on either side, though capable of flying some hundreds of miles, have an effective maximum of flying range of only about eighty miles from their bases.

Those that "stay put" with bombers go farther, but those giving combat must fight fast or break off for home if the eighty-mile limit or anything near it is reached.

A bale-out is otherwise inevitable with loss of machine, and the pilot's capture on hostile soil or landing in the sea.

Ready for Anything

In this intricate, timed-to-the-minute pattern of the fighter-bomber sweep employing some three to four hundred fighters, the half-hour planner conjures up from their various aerodromes to their rendezvous in the sky probably one Wing to give close cover to the bombers, a second to protect both of them, a third to spread a much higher "umbrella" over all to keep out the lurking enemy top-altitude power-diver.

If there is sun, time and route are planned to give the circus positions of anti-dazzle advantage over the target or wherever opposition is most expected.

With distant target bombed and turn for home, petrol is precious, ammunition low if the FW 190's and 109F's have been tempted from their hide-outs.

All this is planned for. Out goes a fourth Wing to see the circus back over hostile territory, and still a fifth to safeguard the last lap of a troubled "tour."

"X was bombed in daylight. All our aircraft returned safely. No enemy 'planes were encountered" you frequently read with surprise, wondering how such "luck" is ours in daytime.

Now you are likely to read it still more often with an estimated third of the Western third of the total German fighter force knocked out as the result of Dieppe.

Good Dividends

No replacement can keep pace with the mounting massing of the circuses now the U.S. Army Air Corps have come into the Sweep Combine.

Beginning in the headlines with that modest exploit of the Poles, the circuses have paid good dividends.

They have, to Russia's advantage, pegged down some of the cream of the *Luftwaffe*, who alone can hope to exist in the same sky as the Spitfires.

They have resulted in each square mile of western defences being photographed over and over again till in every R.A.F. operations-room these are an open book.

With the new chapter begun at Dieppe, they have tested out the first stage of air co-operation in large-scale combined operations in the West.

So the way is paved for the next logical change of programme in the grim tour of the circus. . . .

Mass bombing in support of combined raids by increased Army and Navy forces, or of the opening of the Western Second Front itself!

LAST FEW DAYS

If this catches your eye on Thursday, the day JOHN BULL *is on sale, and you are within easy reach of London, there'll just be time for you to see the wonderful war pictures at Dorland Hall, Regent Street, W.C.*

The Exhibition, organised by "Illustrated" in aid of the Red Cross Penny-a-week Fund, is remaining open daily from 10 a.m. to 7 p.m. until Saturday, September 5th. Admission 1s.

NAZI U-BOAT FIEND'S NEW MAD GAMBLE

THOUGH it was expected that the ruthlessness of the U-boat commanders would bring the remaining South American countries into the war sooner or later, many are wondering why the German Admiralty forced the issue.

The sinking of a dozen or more Brazilian ships did not seem adequate compensation for throwing most of the Latin-American Republics on the side of the United Nations.

Clue to the riddle is Admiral Canaris, Chief of the German Secret Service, father of all Nazi Fifth Columns.

Always a gambler, he banked on U-boat warfare to give Germany victory in the last war. Then a lieut-commander on the Admiralty staff, he belonged to that coterie of young staff officers who persuaded their admirals, and eventually the Kaiser's Government, that this was the way to victory.

★ ★ ★

Canaris, now an admiral himself, still sticks to his theories of victory through unlimited U-boat warfare. This time also he thinks he has an additional weapon in his Fifth Column, especially in South America, and particularly in Brazil.

More than 1,250,000 German-born people and between 2,000,000 and 3,000,000 people of German descent live in Brazil. Most of them live in compact colonies, speak German as their main language, and for ten years have been thoroughly organised with the assistance of the German Embassy and Consulates.

Not so well organised, but nearly as numerous, are the millions of Italians in Brazil (there are even more in the Argentine).

Together with the Japanese settlers and the Latin-American admirers of Spain's Dictator, General Franco, these supporters of the Axis might form a massive Fifth Column capable even of launching a civil war.

That, anyway, is the speculation of gambler Canaris.

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But it won't come off. President Vargas has struck first. The potential ringleaders of any such movement were interned on the eve of the declaration of war.

It is, by the way, interesting to note that until a few years ago Brazil was regarded as belonging ideologically rather to the camp of the Fascist States than to that of the Democracies.

When President Vargas instituted his dictatorship it was intended to check the workers' organisations. But the intensity of the Nazi propaganda in his own country soon made Vargas realise from which side Brazil's independence was actually threatened.

Within a few years he had rapidly switched towards the Pan-American ideal under President Roosevelt's leadership.

And Admiral Canaris' second gamble within twenty-five years will end like the first—with a disaster for Germany.

VICTOR SCHIFF.

HITLER'S WORRIES BEFORE WINTER

IT is too early in September, you will think, to talk about another winter in Russia. Is it?

Well, it is just about a year ago that Hitler ordered one of his ablest military publicists to write a story under the headline, "History Does Not Repeat Itself," and to refute the opinion that Hitler may succeed in driving back the Russian armies but would be beaten by the Russian winter.

As if to support the writer's claim that Hitler would do better than Napoleon, the Nazi Press announced a series of unparalleled German victories. A few weeks later we were told that Leningrad was doomed, that the road to Moscow was open, that Russia's southern armies had been annihilated, and that the war in the East was as good as over.

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Hardly had the ink dried on all these fantastic claims than the first references to the Russian weather crept into the reports of German war correspondents. It was not *the* Russian winter yet, but it was the first taste of things to come.

Of course, there are grave differences in the position then and now. Von Bock's armies have bitten deeper into vital territory and other perils confront the stubborn Russian defence.

But there is the same boastful assertions—even if a little more cautious—that *total* victory is around the corner, and again a tendency to relegate the Russian winter as a strategical factor into the background.

This winter, and the troublesome weather preceding it, is not so far off as many may think.

Remember how Hitler moaned because the winter started earlier last year than it had started a hundred years in succession. There are signs that it may start even earlier, that it may even be grimmer this year.

According to a weather chart, based on the average Russian temperatures during the last forty years, freezing point will be reached, both on the northern and central sectors of the Russian front, before September is out.

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In the south, where Hitler is concentrating the main weight of his armies, the weather is warmer, but, even according to German reports written at the end of September, 1941, the battlefields were then already a sea of mud in which men, animals, lorries and guns threatened to drown. October, now only a month ahead, brought the first picture of the quagmire through which German armies had to push their way.

Up in the north, around the vital Murmansk front, where Hitler's big air-sea raiders are based, winter storms are already gathering. Before the month is out they will make flying hazardous and strenuous, while big ships will still be able to plough their way through the ice-infested seas to take arms and munitions to Russia.

And whatever victories Hitler achieves within the next six weeks, he knows how rapidly September sun in Germany is followed by the icy wind of October: how inhospitable are Berlin flats without sufficient coal to heat them.

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It was not before March, 1942, that Hitler, Goering and Goebbels admitted what unspeakable hardships the winter had imposed on the German *war and home* front alike. Rereading their admissions, one cannot fail to conclude that, during the last winter, between October and March, Germany was in sore straits.

Hitler may be right: history may not repeat itself. But one winter follows another as sure as day follows night.

And if, without complacency or wishful-thinking, we contemplate Germany's problems in the next few months, we can see the position a little more clearly than the grim battles in Russia would seem to indicate.

WILLI FRISCHAUER.

Russia's gallant fighters must be given the chance to hold out. That is the supreme business of the United Nations, and these tough Cossacks, who have changed their swords for tommy guns, are typical of the country's magnificent resolve to win through

No. 1 MOVE VICTORY

By A. G. GA

"TIRED? Why should I be tired? I am refreshed," said Mr. Churchill in reply to the greetings on his return from his visit to Mr. Stalin.

It is this note of unfaltering confidence that is one of Mr. Churchill's most valuable contributions to the cause.

For this reason, among others, it is well that even in the midst of his immense responsibilities he should have made personal contact with our great Allies, Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Stalin.

NO ONE ELSE COULD CONVEY TO THEM SO CONVINCINGLY THE HIGH SPIRIT AND INDOMITABLE WILL OF THIS COUNTRY OR STRESS SO POWERFULLY THE IDEAL OF UNITY OF ACTION WHICH IS OUR MOST URGENT NEED.

It is easy to see and to say that the war is "one and indivisible." It is difficult to act on that great maxim.

In this respect we are at a manifest disadvantage as against Hitler. He reigns alone.

He has but to crack his whip and his jackals jump to attention and do his bidding.

Unity of strategy presents no obstacle. He has but to decide and to strike. And his interior lines enable him to give swiftness and momentum to the blow. That is his strength.

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But with the United Nations the case is different. They are scattered over the earth. They obey no dictator. They have come into the war one at a time, belatedly, unwillingly, under the compulsion of direct attack.

Goebbels sneered at Britain the other day because she scattered her forces in unprofitable adventures here, there and everywhere, while Germany concentrated her might on one crushing blow at a time.

There was truth in the sneer, but we have no reason to be ashamed because when the barbarians broke loose we fought unaided power from Norway to Abyssinia and from Greece and Crete to Hongkong.

We paid the price, but we saved the world until the legions could be gathered.

They are gathered now, literally from China to Peru. They include two of the mightiest military nations on earth, and the latest recruit, Brazil, brings us in sight of the whole Western hemisphere being mobilised behind and with us.

With such potentialities the ultimate victory of the United Nations is assured. But we want the victory quickly, and to secure that we must act on the maxim that the war is one and indivisible.

We must achieve that singleness of aim which is the strength of Hitler. We must see the war as a whole and subordinate every local interest to the general scheme of strategy.

Wherever the centre of the struggle is held to be there the whole resources at our command must be brought into action.

The operations of every front should be designed, not merely to win a local success, but to bring pressure to bear on the crucial theatre of the war.

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Let us take the immediate crux of the war as an illustration. There are, roughly, five main fronts. They are:—

(1) The stupendous struggle in South Russia into which Hitler is throwing all the resources of his vast war machine.

(2) The Egyptian front.

(3) The Battle of the Atlantic.

(4) The South Pacific front and China.

(5) The air war on Germany.

The immediately critical front is, of course, Russia. Hitler is gambling everything on eliminating Stalin.

Without the effective destruction of Russian power his whole strategy is doomed. With that accomplished, and not until that is accomplished, will he be able to turn westward for the final grapple with us, and with America.

IT FOLLOWS THAT THE SUPREME BUSINESS OF THE UNITED NATIONS IS TO DIRECT ALL THEIR STRATEGY TO THE MAINTENANCE OF THE RUSSIAN FRONT.

If Stalin can keep his army in being as an effective instrument Hitler loses the war. Only a catastrophic failure on our side to keep open our Atlantic sea lanes could leave him a chance.

Such a failure is more than improbable. And in this connection the advent of Brazil into the war is a fact of capital importance. The rat-holes of the U-boats are being stopped up.

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The immediate opening of a second front in the West would be the most effective help we could give Russia.

That stroke will be delivered at the earliest possible moment, and we all await it with anxiety.

But the transfer of an army of a million men to a hostile coast is an operation so vast and so hazardous that no consideration should lead to it being undertaken prematurely.

Failure in such an enterprise would not

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help Russia and might well spell the defeat of the United Nations.

Moreover, it is instant help that is urgent. And the preparations for the second front must not hinder that instant help being given.

It is this consideration that should be at the back of all the operations on all fronts.

EVERY BLOW THAT IS STRUCK, WHETHER ON SEA, ON LAND OR IN THE AIR, WHETHER IN THE PACIFIC OR THE ATLANTIC, SHOULD AIM AT HAVING ITS REPERCUSSIONS IN RUSSIA.

Even a reverse in a minor theatre may contribute to victory where victory means most.

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There is no doubt that the most instant and telling service we can perform is from the air. Every factory we destroy, every submarine we shatter, every railway engine or transport ship we blow up hits Hitler where he feels it most.

It brings his war machine nearer that point of exhaustion which may not be so far off as we think.

For his urgency and recklessness may well mean that he fears his machine may run down before he reaches his goal.

And the moral effect of bombing on the German people cannot be over-estimated. Hitler will yet perish on the home front.

How much he fears that is evident from his latest act of terrorism within Germany—the abolition of the last rags of law and justice that remain to his people.

G. GARDINER

Next we must risk much to keep the sea lane open to Russia and to pour in an increasing tide of war material.

In view, too, of the loss of the granaries of South Russia, America and Canada must see that there is no risk of Russia's food supply failing next Spring.

There should be repetitions of the Dieppe raid to keep a million of the enemy nervous on their thousand miles of vulnerable seaboard.

Nothing would help Russia more than a scare to Hitler in Egypt.. We have turned the tables on Rommel before and should not be incapable of a repeat performance.

★ ★ ★

And if we can clinch our victory over the U-boat in the Atlantic, that, too, will have powerful reaction in Russia.

Nor in this vision of the war as one and indivisible must we omit what is happening in the Pacific. One of the perils of the Russian position is that Japan may stab Stalin in the back.

But the offensive by America in the Solomon islands, coupled with the heroic activities of Chiang Kai-shek in China, will make Tojo think twice before playing the catspaw for Hitler.

And for this large unity of strategy we need a unity of command that can focus all the complex parts of our war machine upon the crucial point.

Into that great question I cannot go here, but we may take it that the Moscow conference has brought us a big stride nearer the goal of a long pull, a strong pull, and *a pull altogether* that will bring us total victory.

Even now, on the brink of the fourth year of war, it is not fully realised what a really grand job is being done by women and girls, including refugees

Girls Who Are All Out to Avenge

WE hear of the men of fourteen oppressed nations who reached Britain to fight on against Hitler.

But what about their womenfolk?

They, too, have reached this country in big numbers.

They, too, are working for the great day when Hitlerism is overthrown and their countries reborn as free nations.

You can see a cross-section of them at an important small-arms factory "somewhere in Britain."

Not busy Amazons. Not Olympic Games champions.

Just typical housewives, typists, hairdressers, shopgirls.

Just women—than which, as your memory of Nazi blitzes will tell you, there can be no greater tribute.

Large numbers of refugees are—like this girl—working feverishly to bring victory nearer

This factory was started to make Sten guns—the new British mass-production weapon designed to take Continental ammunition so that we can drop it over the Continent in thousands, and put it into the hands of the oppressed peoples, when the great chance comes.

Took Their Chance

The baby concern—allotted 400 workers, mainly women—was asked whether it would take refugee labour.

It jumped at the chance—and the refugee women jumped at their chance, too.

Sten guns! Retribution guns! This was what they most wanted to make.

They could have staffed this factory more than ten times over with women from the overrun countries.

The manager is a Swede, born in the U.S. His secretary was born in Finland of Russian parents.

Among the women who rallied round them were Poles, Czechs, Hungarians, Belgians, French, Austrians, and Germans. And, to give the concern the real United Nations touch, British, American, *and* Irish girls who scorn neutrality.

They had little time to compare stories. Guns were the first consideration. But now they know each other's stories.

Many of them fled to Britain before advancing German armies—without food, sleeping in ditches, stealing clothes, waving their fists at the dive-bombers.

Some actually saw the German hordes sweeping down on them, a vast tide of field grey that has already submerged most of Europe.

One was Maria M———, whose full name cannot be given because it would lead to reprisals against her many relatives still left in Belgium.

Slept in Hedges

She fled from Antwerp, was never more than an hour's torturing march before the German hordes.

For six days her parents plodded beside her. Hedges were usually their home—and once or twice bombed-out houses.

They had little food. Seventeen-year-old Maria ever urged them on and on.

It was good she did, for they managed to catch the last fishing-trawler leaving for England.

They are all fighting or working for the United Nations' cause now, determined to bring Hitler and his satellites to their knees.

Her brother is a Free Belgian soldier. Her father makes fighter aircraft.

And Maria, handling the polished Sten barrels, tells herself that Belgian ammunition will fit this gun, even German ammunition that the Huns might leave around—and, thinking this, smiles.

There's Anne R———, also Belgian.

She looks little more than a schoolgirl—in fact, her school days were not so very long ago. Certainly you could not imagine that there had ever been deep anger in her heart.

She wields the deadly little weapons. They tell her that she's brilliant at the job. She replies that Hate can make a woman very efficient.

And she *does* hate, for, although she was lucky enough to be having a holiday in England when the war came, her parents and friends have suffered indescribable brutalities at the hands of the brutal, swaggering Nazis.

Waiting to Strike

Anne sees a case of finished guns go by. "Enough for my family!" she says.

They all dream of the day when Europe will rise to throw off its oppressor. They will expect great things then of the menfolk of their families, left behind in their homelands, to await the weapons with which to act.

There's Judith R———. She was a student in old Vienna. Life was good to most people in the Austrian capital in those carefree days. Political parties rose; political parties fell. A few people were noisy about it, but most people didn't bother over-much.

Then Hitler marched in. Judith, daughter of a distinguished woman doctor, just got away in time.

She studied here for a time, crammed to pass the matriculation examination, with the future in mind. She's going to be somebody in the Austria freed from Hitler.

And, that done, went out and said: "I'm not asking for any special job. Give me the job you want me to have in the war against Hitler. I'll take any."

Now she's a labourer in this Sten factory.

And Mrs. Margaret K——— is a Hungarian, a widow.

She just went along and said she wanted to work for a new, free, democratic Hungary. There is no knowing what she would do with Hungarians who have fallen for Hitlerism.

The people at the Sten gun factory asked her: "What hours?"

She replied: "Any hours. Long as you like. Late as you like. That's how I feel about it."

So she works both long hours and late hours as a fitter, and wishes they could be longer and later.

There are dozens of stories of brutal uprooting and outrageous persecution in that vengeance factory.

Truly, women know better than men how to hate.

And it is good to know that there are women there from the countries that Hitler has not overrun—but who are just as determined to give the stricken countries a chance to fight back with the help of this gun that can be made in a matter of minutes.

Good Customers

There's Janet Willsher, who inspects guns.

As a hairdresser and manicurist, she used to have Lord Louis Mountbatten and the Aga Khan for customers.

She says war—such a war—finds other and better uses for skilled hands.

Mrs. Penny Verrinder, who works beside the Hungarian widow, used to be a nurse in Charing Cross Hospital.

Vera Walshe, who used to play the piano in a music shop, listens to the stories of the Austrian girl who works beside her—and leans to her gun bench with new determination.

Miss Cecilia Robins, who was a florist, reams gun cases, while Miss Frances Watkin, one-time gown fitter who used to handle shiny fabrics, handles shiny Sten parts instead.

And Mrs. Wardle, who was manageress of an off-licence, builds those deadly accessories into vicious, spitting weapons.

Minor Vanities Forgotten

Among these women of all nations there are some who have medical degrees, or have practised as lawyers in their own country.

To-day their nails are broken, their hands grimed.

They can forget that.

They know that millions of shadowy arms are reaching out from tortured Europe for the guns they are making.

One day it will be possible to put these guns into those clutching hands.

Then will come victory, return to their loved ones, their careers, and their freed countries.

And those women of fourteen oppressed countries will be able to say: "We played our part."

MAURICE FAGENCE.

TRAFFIC JAMS MUST BE DEALT WITH!

"I'D rather put in an extra hour at the bench than do this journey home," I heard one worker remark to another in a bus queue the other evening.

No doubt thousands more could say the same without the slightest exaggeration. And soon the traffic congestion will become still worse.

For the hours of darkness are lengthening rapidly. The scramble to get home before the black-out will shortly be of real concern to millions of our people.

It was bad enough last autumn and winter, when many workers were away from home for fifteen hours in every twenty-four because of transport delays.

It threatens to be even worse this year, for services have had to be curtailed in order to save fuel.

Of course we must save fuel! But I'm pretty sure that our transport chiefs are going the wrong way about it.

SIR WYNDHAM CHILDS' COMMENTS

It seems to me that a good few of them have picked up their blue pencils and slashed down every service in exactly the same proportion—heedless whether one service is already strained to breaking point and another could be reduced still further.

Bus to Himself

Let me give an example:

A reader travelled on a South London "extra" bus the other evening. For a long time he had the top deck to himself, and he asked the conductor why.

"Two of the earlier buses were late," said the conductor, "and emptied the queues. But there are too many on this route, anyhow.

"Often I do two journeys a night and pick up only a handful of 'casuals.' But on some of the other routes I work there aren't enough buses to get the workers home.

"It's the organisation that's wrong."

It is.

Peace-time services have not been adjusted to meet the demands made by the tremendous growth of war factories in many districts.

So you find that "rush-hour" buses trundle half-empty through the streets of some towns.

Elsewhere, there just aren't enough to cope with the crowds of weary workers who wait at every stop.

It is true that more than four thousand buses have been requisitioned for war purposes and only three hundred have so far been replaced.

But, even so, I am convinced that much of the congestion could be eased if time schedules were better planned.

Local surveys should be made, so that services can be rearranged according to the shifts worked by factories and big offices.

Next, what of the railways?

Exactly the same complaint must be levelled against them; the same remedy should be applied.

Week after week I get indignant letters—and they make me indignant, too—from war workers who cannot reach home in reasonable time because train schedules have not been adjusted to cater for new-grown industrial districts.

Indeed, grumbles about bus and train services are common throughout the country. Who dare say they are unjustified?

Finishing work at 10 p.m., men and women from one great factory waited for special buses.

They waited and waited. The buses arrived so late that the workers lost their last train.

Some walked home; some spent the night in the grim discomfort of the station waiting-room.

That was by no means an unusual occurrence. Dare anyone say these workers should "take it smiling"?

From a North Country town comes this protest:

"To be continually late because of dawdling buses—and to lose money by it—isn't fair either to the war effort or ourselves.

"We *want* to get to the factory on time. We *want* to turn out a few more weapons to smash Jerry.

"But how can we when even the earliest buses make us clock-in well after time?"

Will any transport expert kindly supply the answer?

In Pouring Rain

At a Midlands town, workers often wait an hour for a train that hardly ever runs to time.

"It's no joke standing an hour in the pouring rain on an open platform 40 feet above street level," one woman writes to me.

"I know the immense strain on the railways, but surely they could do a little better for people who have to spend fifteen hours away to do ten hours' war work."

Well, is that an unreasonable wish?

I know of people who have to get up at five o'clock to start work at seven-thirty—and yet are often late through no fault of their own.

Atrocious Service

I know a Government factory where 2,000 people recently "downed tools" in protest at the atrocious transport facilities.

And I agree with Alderman Hardy, chairman of Salford City Council's transport committee, that the Government is not paying sufficient attention to the problems of passenger transport.

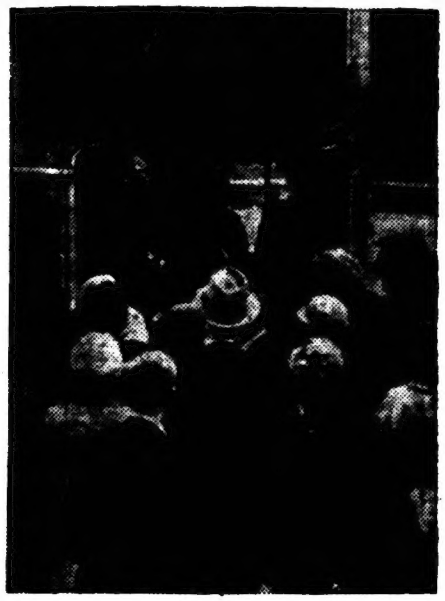
Why, official statistics show that in one Lancashire district alone, where late arrivals have increased by 300 per cent., absenteeism is mainly due to bad transport.

The "staggering" of work hours would certainly help—but not remedy the evil.

Despite the joyous claims advanced for this method, only 400,000 workers had their hours "staggered" last winter.

This autumn, it should be extended to millions. Yet I see no sign that it is being worked out before the black-out overtakes the evening "rush hour."

Moreover, even this scheme will be ineffective unless the transport systems of every district are adjusted to the growth of war industry.



There are far too many sights like this throughout the country

For "staggering" cannot well be applied to small offices and workshops. It cannot give direct assistance to hundreds of thousands of workers in the great cities.

There must, in short, be a real re-organisation of passenger transport.

In this respect, the Government should force transport managers to heed its own slogan: "Do It *NOW*!"

CONFIDENCE MEN ACTIVE AGAIN

CONFIDENCE tricksters, with a flair for making the acquaintance of moneyed people in fashionable hotels, are getting busy again.

About three weeks ago a well-dressed man picked up a wallet in a London hotel lounge in the presence of an overseas guest specially marked down as a victim.

Making an ostentatious show of his "find," he drew attention to its valuable contents—a banker's draft for a large sum and documents which suggested that their owner had brought off several big Stock Exchange deals.

The men grew friendly and, when the owner was traced, he offered, as a token of gratitude, to "let them in" on his latest deal with a secret syndicate.

* * *

It now turns out that the man who "found" the wallet was a confederate of its "owner," and that the "find" was staged solely to gain the confidence of this overseas man.

He handed over a substantial sum, and though the men have now been identified as members of a notorious gang, the victim is reluctant to prosecute.

Moral—don't invest money in "secret deals" with strangers, no matter how dramatically you may make their acquaintance!

PUBLIC BENEFACTOR

Mrs. E. Ireson, Roxeth Green Avenue, Harrow, receives this week's £1 1s. for interesting information.

Letters are welcomed on all matters calling for inquiry or editorial comment, and should be addressed: "Public Benefactor," JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

SWAFFER ASKS . . .

ARE SECRETS STILL DISCLOSED?

● Too many people knew about Churchill's trip to Moscow. Obviously, high-ups had talked.

Now, I hear from a South Coast town of the dangerous chatter, a fortnight ago, about preparations that led to a belief that a big-scale raid—since then, it has taken place at Dieppe—was being planned.

Many who travel by train or who enter hotels or restaurants frequented by officers often overhear scraps of talk that the enemy love to know.

In twenty minutes, the other evening, a guest in a quiet country hotel learned of the location of no fewer than three aerodromes!

All this is more than carelessness. It is a crime against the State.

CAN'T WAR AIMS BE NAMED?

● How much harder millions would work if, now that many think the worst dangers of the war are over, our war-aims were clearly, and simply, defined!

First, it was "a war against aggression." Since then, one camp has used the phrase: "Germany must pay to the full," while another, adopting Stalin's words, insists that it is "a war against Hitlerite Germany."

People will not believe the talk of "a new world" until the meaning of the words is set down so that all can understand.

Even the "four freedoms" of Roosevelt's declaration are little more than nice-sounding idealism.

WHY PRINT M.o.I. BOOKLETS?

● I read, continually, praise of the official booklets, such as "The Battle of Britain," which appear every now and then.

When this particular one was issued, criticism of its tawdriness led to the publication of a bigger and better edition.

Besides, it was months late.

Even although "Bomber Command Continues," the latest, goes back to June, 1941. it is even now of necessity incomplete because of the need for secrecy.

Why waste money and paper, then, on such booklets?

Whitehall should give the facts to the newspapers as soon as it is possible; they would publish them to all the world, efficiently, and without expense to the nation.

ARE FLOWER SHOWS NECESSARY?

● Rural districts still have flower shows, with prizes for exhibits, the growing of which entails needless time and labour.

Food, and not show-pieces, is now the country's crying necessity.

Shipping tonnage must be saved. Nutrition value and not the old show standards should be studied by gardeners.

There is much evidence that, in many a village, few yet realise that a war is on.

WOULD GANDHI FREE INDIA?

● Even if immediate freedom were given to the political leaders of India it would not benefit the masses of the people for years.

Rich Hindus are the mortgagees. Others, rich Moslems and rich Parsees, share in the control of the money system.

The millions live on next to nothing, in conditions of grim poverty. Their way to economic liberty would, as I see it, not be deliberately shortened by any rule by the present leaders of Congress or its rivals for power.

I doubt if more than a few of them believe in anything but a change of political control.

Yet, despite all this, political freedom is the first step. Once that is granted, the masses must learn how to use it. That will take generations.

Physical freedom, religious freedom, political freedom, economic freedom—that is the order of human progress.

Human Machine

REAL COURAGE

We hear a lot about courage these days. How many really know what it is? It isn't easy to define. The ability to do brave deeds. But what are brave deeds? Deeds that require courage to perform. It doesn't seem to get us very far!

Cicero, the Roman statesman, said: "A man of courage is also full of faith." A poet defined it as "Courage, the highest gift, that seems to bend to mean devices for a sordid end."

A French philosopher came nearer to the truth when he said: "True bravery is shown by performing without witness what one might be capable of doing before the whole world."

But there is something that is nearly always forgotten when speaking of courage—and that is fear. Courage is at bottom the result of fear.

Does that sound strange? Not really, if you think about it. Where there is no fear there is no need of courage. True courage is not the absence of fear. It is conquering the fear you have.

The highest courage is that of the man or woman who is terrified to death, who knows it—and who still goes on to do whatever has to be done. The highest courage, the most difficult form of courage to summon up is still that of conquering oneself.

No one need be ashamed of fear. The man or woman who says they were never frightened are just plain liars. What is to be feared is the fear of fear. It is that which is positively soul-destroying. It is that which needs courage and plenty of it to overcome.

Old Sir Thomas Browne put it in one pithy sentence: "But where life is more terrible than death," he said, "it is then the truest valour to dare to live."

A HUSBAND WHO WENT HOME

"JOHN BULL'S" SHORT STORY
By WILL SCOTT

SO in the end (said the little man with whiskers) I cleared out.

It had been terrible. Three years of it. Starting almost from the minute we got back from the honeymoon.

I tried standing up for myself at first, but that only led to rows. And every row led to a worse one. I began to let 'em go, just for the sake of peace, but it was ghastly. It got more so.

The trouble was that she seemed to think a man had more or less gone to prison for life once he was married. He hadn't to have any other sort of life at all.

If I went out to post a letter I had to say where I was going, how long it would take me, what time I'd be back

If I went out to post a letter I had to say where I was going, how long it would take me, what time I'd be back.

If I was a minute late in from the office I had to say *why*. I had to give a *report*. Why, if the 'bus broke down on the way home it used to give me a cold sweat, thinking of the cross-examination to come.

It's all very well saying I ought to have stood up to her. I tell you I did. It wasn't any use. She just wore me down.

Before I married her I used to dawdle on my way home. Didn't matter if I was half an hour late. Didn't matter if I was an hour late. If my dinner was cold, well, that was my affair.

Before I married her I used to go out for an hour or so in the evening and have one. No particular place. Here and there. Just for an hour or two. Just a pint and a chat, with anybody I happened to find in whichever pub. I happened to go in. No harm in that.

No. Not till I married her. Then the rocket went up.

I'd have taken her with me. She could have had a pint herself. Only she didn't believe in such. So I didn't have to!

Oh, it was dreadful! So in the end I cleared out.

I moved to the other end of London, where she couldn't find me. And she never did.

I went into digs. I was my own master again. If I cared to get home late, all well and good If I cared to go out of an evening and have one or two there was nobody to say me nay.

I was free!

Six months like that . . .

And then . . . well. I got to thinking There was nothing would change her, I knew that. And I wasn't giving up my freedom again, and I knew *that*. But . . .

So I went up on the common one evening and tried to alter my voice. It was a bit of mess at first, but I kept on. And after a week or two I succeeded.

Oh no, this deep voice of mine isn't my real one at all. I had to practice it. I've got a high-up sort of voice, really. At least I *had*. A rather quick voice I used to have, too. Not a bit like this drawl that you hear.

My parents came from Somerset, which gave me a bit of a twang. That's gone.

Oh no, you might have known me all my life, but you couldn't tell that from listening to me. Not now.

In about three weeks I changed my voice completely into somebody else's.

But there was still my face. So I set to work on that.

This isn't my face. Bless your heart, no! My natural face is a pale sort of thing, clean-shaven. Fair hair, too. I grew this set of stuff and dyed the whole outfit black. This nice Colonial tan I got out of a bottle. The glasses? A bit of somebody's window, I suppose.

Well, having got a new face, I made it act in a new way. I'm afraid I used to *gape* a bit in the old days. This tight-lipped effect is just an act, but it works. And then I had rather a habit of looking at the carpet. I soon cured that.

I FOUND that if you stare hard enough at anybody long enough they'll look away first. I haven't naturally got a lion-tamer's eye at all. I just put it on. And kept it on.

Well, having changed myself into somebody else altogether (complete with nautical roll), I gave it a week or two to sink in, so that I shouldn't forget the details, and then I went back to the old suburb.

More digs. Any old digs. Just for the time being, you understand.

And I put an ad. in the local paper.

You know the sort of thing. "Ex-seafaring man requires comfortable apartments. The right price for the right accommodation." Something like that.

And she came up and swallowed the hook. I got a letter and I went round to see her.

She didn't know me. Well, I mean to say, by that time I didn't know myself. If I'd passed my old self in the street by this time he'd have been a stranger to me!

She asked me in and showed me the rooms. The two best rooms in the place they were, too—front bedroom and a sitting-room where I'd never been allowed to drop a matchstick in the old days.

She asked so much. I looked her straight in the eye and knocked half-a-crown off. And after a bit of wavering she looked down at the carpet and agreed.

"I'll move in next Monday," I told her. Didn't ask her if that would be all right. I told her.

And she said: "All right, sir." *Sir!* Me!!!

ON the next Monday, I moved in Seven years it'll be, in June. And I'm still there.

Oh, it's good.

Of course, I had to hear all about her husband at first, and what an outsider he had been. But it wore off. She got as tired of telling me as I was of listening.

It's an ideal existence. I hardly ever see her, really, except for meals. She's made her own pals and they come in and spend the evening with her. I keep to my own sitting-room if I feel like it, and if I want to go out and spend the evening with the lads round at the local—well, out I go. She can't say anything. She's only the landlady.

And there we are. No fuss or anything. And all I have to do to keep up the illusion is to slip in the bathroom every Saturday morning and renew my Colonial sunburn.

Everybody happy. Everything as right as pie.

A lot of what? A lot of trouble to go to to get back to my own home.

Oh no, not a bit of it, let me tell you. Not now that my own home is really like my own home and not the prison it used to be. Lot of trouble? Oh no, no!

You see, being in those digs cured me—those digs I had after I left her. Not a year altogether. But it cured me.

It brought back that long slab of my life in the dear old home before I married her, and I could see long years like them stretching ahead unless I went back to her. And I wasn't having that.

Back I had to go and back I went.

Trouble? Not at all Or worth it.

Why? Well . .

Slavedriver she may have been, when she knew I was me, but—*can . . . she . . . cook!*

IS IT A NEW GUESSING GAME?

THE headline screamed at me from a morning newspaper: PRO-ALLY RUMANIAN NAZIS HAVE NOT YET ARRESTED.

At first glance this did not seem complete. Who was it the Pro-Ally Rumanian Nazis had not yet arrested? I read it again. Pro-Ally Rumanian Nazis? Were there such animals? It didn't make sense.

So I read it a third time.

Ah! The Nazis had not yet arrested a Rumanian whose sympathies were with us. Yes. . . .

★ ★ ★

But it took me three goes to get it and wasted some seconds of my time. And my time *might* have been valuable.

I wonder how many other readers had some seconds of their possibly valuable time wasted that morning in trying to sort out the sense of that headline. Thousands? Likely enough.

In which case, how many hours of valuable time did the wasted seconds amount to?

The new-style headline is supposed to save time and quicken thought. It can do this, of course, only if it says just what it means and nothing else at the first shot.

But the only headlines now that don't seem to mean at least two things each are those that don't seem to mean anything at all.

What, for instance, can you make of CHURCH LOOKS AHEAD TO FREE EUROPE?

At first glance you ask yourself how the Church proposes to do it. Europe ought to be freed, and the Church is very right to take steps. But can the Church carry it out.

Then you see that what is meant is that the Church visualises a day when Europe will be free. Which is a different matter.

The bright boys who write our bright headlines are so concerned with saving us the trouble of lengthy thinking that it seems to me that sometimes they save themselves the trouble of thinking at all.

A headline may look very snappy set up like this:

SMITH SHOT
RUBBISH PARLIAMENT
SQUARE FINE.

But you can read a dozen different meanings into it. And the simple meaning that Smith had been fined for shooting rubbish in Parliament Square is *not* the first of the meanings. The first thing that strikes you is that Smith has been shot.

Something will have to be done about it. It looks as if sense will have to be knocked into the bright boys before we can hope to get sense out of them.

Most headlines now are simply silly. But they could easily be worse than that.

★ ★ ★

For instance, some official in a U.S.A. bureau of something or other might hold the view that the war should be ended now. Give that fact to a bright boy to set up as a headline and we might get something like this:

END WAR OFFICIAL
U.S.A. BUREAU'S VIEW.

Which might start no end of fun, mightn't it?

A. G.

FACTORY BATTLEFRONT—III

By A DOCTOR

How I Handled a Blackmailer

ON the whole we're a jolly crowd in war factories. But, of course, beneath all the fun, the hard work, grand team-work and comradeship, there are all too often secret fears and strange anxieties.

One night, after a late shift had been running for a couple of hours, a lad was brought into my consulting room. From extreme weakness he'd collapsed at his assembling job. It was light, interesting work. But one glance at him was sufficient to tell the whole story—malnutrition. He didn't look as though he'd had a square meal for weeks.

After a rapid examination I ordered the nurse to give him an immediate dose of—a strong cup of tea! And when in the comfort and warmth of the casualty bed he had thawed a little, he began to talk.

"I—I was afraid this would happen," he began, nervously at first.

"What's the idea of the Gandhi act? Starving yourself?" I asked.

"No—no, it's not that. I'm a vegetarian. But it's money that's the trouble."

No Excuse for Starving

I'd already looked up his file card and knew that his average wage was certainly no excuse for starving.

"But I've got a lot to pay out," he faltered. "I owe a lot to a chap, and—and he's making it tough for me."

He was silent a while, and then burst out, as though it was a sudden nervous relief to share his worry: "I'm being blackmailed."

"For something you didn't do?"

"No. God, no. I was a fool. And now I'm paying for it."

I knew there was no need to urge him on: that he wanted to tell me his trouble. And very soon the story came pouring out in a torrent of words.

"I'm a deserter. I quit the Army over a year ago. A skilled fitter I was, and I took this job because it's the only trade I knew."

"What made you want to desert?"

'I'll tell you—I'm a strict vegetarian. But our C.O. was one of the old brigade, and wouldn't listen. Told me I'd just have to put up with it. So for months I lived on bread, potatoes and tea. He made it tough for me, so one day I skipped. I knew some friends who'd help me till I got a job under a false name, and that's how I've been living.

The convoy sailed with full protection—thanks to that handful of men in factory X who worked through the night

"One night, some months ago, it all ended. I went in for a drink on the way back from work, and there was a chap from my old unit, home on leave. He soon saw my game—and ever since then he's been making me pay."

"You could have gone back."

"What, and get my friends arrested for shielding me? Besides, I'd have to face a court martial."

"At this moment, would you be willing to go back if it meant a transfer to another unit, where the C.O. would take your special diet into consideration?"

"Yes, like a shot. But it isn't possible. I'm broke to the wide, and scared of letting my friends down."

Imaginary Difficulties

Before he was sent home that night I'd talked him round. The young fool had built up a wall of imaginary difficulties, as so many people do who eventually have a breakdown at work and who end up in the factory surgery.

In this case the young deserter had only to surrender himself to the nearest police court to solve all his troubles. Proceedings were at once begun with regard to the blackmailer, while he himself was given a fair court martial for being absent without leave.

To be guilty of the more serious crime it would have to be proved that he never intended to return. I was able to be a witness and testify that only the very unusual circumstances of the diet and blackmailing had been the root cause.

By pleading guilty he did not have to give the names of his friends who had shielded him . . . and as a final happy ending to the story I was able to write to the C.O. of his new unit and arrange that as a vegetarian he should have extra margarine and cheese instead of his daily 6 oz. of meat.

Don't run away with the idea that all factory work involves anxieties and secret sorrows. Every now and then there is an epic story of some factory deed that is as brave in its way as anything in the world's battlefronts.

Knowing all the facts, I can assure you that a convoy was saved the other week—in a factory! Twenty war-factory heroes were involved. They will get no medals, even though they saved a convoy. This is what happened:

A telephone call was received from the Admiralty on a Friday night. By Sunday morning, the superintendent was told, lorries would arrive to load a cargo of new and secret ammunition.

Convoy at Stake

The load was destined for a warship waiting to sail for a port hundreds of miles away. The safety of the convoy was at stake.

Work began at once, full of danger, since the factory had not produced this type of ammunition before.

There were the usual technical pitfalls. There were new dangers to be faced.

Worst of all was the desperate need of haste. Speed is a fruitful source of accidents in any kind of industrial process, let alone the manufacture of explosives.

All through the Friday night the shift toiled. At dawn the day shift took over. At 3 p.m., on Saturday the superintendent telephoned the Admiralty: "We'll send as much as we can—but the full load is impossible." The Navy replied: "The ship must sail. She's on convoy duty. . . ."

The production manager and the superintendent went into the shops. They asked for twenty men to volunteer to work through the night and finish the job.

Many lived far from the factory. One had a special reason for going home—his wife's health was poor. She knew his job. She would worry. Every man volunteered.

"What about your wives?" asked the superintendent.

One man replied grimly: "The missus will be upset—but she'll understand."

Lorry-drivers volunteered to make an all-night drive to the port. Two naval ordnance officers arrived. They found the superintendent and the production manager in shirtsleeves checking, gauging, packing and carrying the ammunition to the waiting vehicles.

All over again

Tragedy came at midnight on Saturday. A technical fault was found.

Every pound of ammunition had to be specially scrutinised and the fault rectified. It meant practically starting all over again.

The twenty men started again. They worked faster this time. The canteen had closed. The superintendent found some food. The men ate as they worked. They wanted to smoke desperately. But a smoke meant leaving the shop. They carried on without it.

At 3 a.m. on the Sunday, the job was done. The last round was checked, packed and loaded. The lorries pulled out with time to make the run to the waiting warship.

The convoy sailed with full protection—thanks to the twenty men of factory "X."

Next week: Tank-crew skipper hypnotised to work!

NO SALVAGE HOLIDAY

A recent tour of salvage collection depots in one area revealed a marked falling off in the amount deposited.

"It's the time of year," was the general excuse. "Most people have snatched a few days holiday, so of course the salvage falls off."

This won't do. People engaged in war work need a break, but this need not imply a slacking off in salvage collection.

A little extra effort in the week preceding and the week following any absence from home is all that is required. Salvage stewards should point this out to their neighbours.

More salvage stewards are needed, by the way. If you are not already engaged in this valuable work apply to your local council at once.

VOICE

HERE is a thrilling story of sailors who were torpedoed and marooned for days on a raft—hungrily watched by sharks waiting for a meal.

It is told by O/Tel. T. W. Thompson, R.N., in a letter to his parents at Balloon Street, Manchester:

We were torpedoed about a week ago and spent three days on rafts and lifeboats before being picked up.

At the time of the "crash" we were 250 miles from land. For the first twenty-four hours on our raft the water was almost up to my waist.

Fortunately, the weather was perfect except for heavy rain at night, which provided us with a little extra drinking-water.

Our ration had been about one mouthful a day!

I was in full uniform when we were struck, so I was protected from sunburn and exposure. Part of my underwear went to those who were almost naked.

Our raft was one of the last to leave, and we had an awkward time when it was caught by a cross current and swept against the ship's side.

It capsized, but we got on again, damp but cheery.

On the second day we had some more excitement. Sharks appeared to wait for a good meal, but we managed to scare them off with revolver fire.

That evening we were spotted by aircraft; next morning, a corvette arrived to take us aboard. Did we cheer?

But being torpedoed is not half so terrifying as you would imagine, though I don't want it to happen too often.

There was no panic, no fuss or undue excitement, and the officers and men were marvellous. My only sticky moment was jumping into the sea and swimming to the raft.

ORIENTAL GLAMOUR!

Pte. W. Wilson, Royal Norfolk Regiment, writes home to his parents at Northwold to say that he does not think much of India:

When you used to tell me about this country, Dad, you only mentioned the bright spots, or you were luckier than I have been.

The sooner I get away from India the better I shall like it.

After this, Blighty will be good enough for me. Cheerio!

NO TIME TO PLAY

Reported missing at Dunkirk, but still going strong, is C.S.M. Mitchell, East Lancs Regiment, serving now with the Home Forces. He writes to his wife at Padiham, Burnley, Lancs:

Things are moving fast and we don't have much time to play about. We are working under battle conditions, and we have no rest until we have done our allotted job.

We are going to win this damned war, and the Forces and the civilians have got to get down to it.

READER'S VIEWS IN A SENTENCE

A local girl trainee was paid £2 5s. to £2 15s. a week during her three months' course in munitions making. When fully trained she was sent to work in a vegetable canning factory!—T. E. Jackson, Westwick Road, Sheffield.

★ ★ ★

The thirty-seven religious folk who, following my letter published in JOHN BULL, sent me tracts, may like to know that salvage has benefited by their offerings. But why waste paper and postage?—E. Haynes, Euston.

★ ★ ★

Here's an idea worthy of wide adoption. A contractor, before discharging employees, informed the labour exchange, which promptly sent introduction cards to the men for another job.—V. Williamson, Belfast.

★ ★ ★

The Government should insist that all "Utility" cooking utensils be made square shape, so that two or more can be placed over one gas-jet. A sensible saving.—W. Riley, Abbey Road, Smethwick.

★ ★ ★

A local airman who has taken part in over a hundred raids on enemy territory went to a local dance in civilian clothing—and was presented with two white feathers!—A. Chamberlain, Dale Lane, Bledworth.

OF THE TROOPS

★ Have you an interesting letter from a relative in the Forces? ONE GUINEA will be paid for each one Published—more if a good adventure story used at greater length — and all letters are returned. 10s. 6d. for Readers' Views. Address all letters to "Voice," JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

STAR IN ECLIPSE

From thrills and dangers on the high seas we go on to a dance in the Middle East, described by Rifleman Allen of the Cameronians in a letter to his wife at Montrose Street, Blackburn:

The dance-hall is our small canteen and the floor is as smooth as any cobbled street.

We had booked a local accordion player for a small sum, paid in advance (a sad mistake as you will see). But it seemed cheaper than engaging a dance band, even if we could have found one—or the money.

I wasn't very keen on going, but as I had put a small sum towards the maestro's fees I went along.

At 10 p.m. our star turn, the accordion player, had not arrived, but sent word that he was too tired to come—the blighter!

We were in a fix! So we tinkered with an ancient wireless set until it worked—and the "ball" was on. But not for long, because the wireless conked out.

So we clapped and sang songs while we tried to think of something to keep the "ball" rolling.

Luck came to us when a civvy with a mandoline arrived, and we kept things going until 2 a.m.

This evening we have an appointment with that accordion player.

NIGHT LIGHTS

Even the men on duty in England have a thrill once in a while. Sapper B. West, stationed on guard on the edge of a lonely moor, saw things in the night, and writes home to his wife at Brynglas Road, Newport, Mon., to tell her about them:

There had been talk of mysterious lights appearing on the moor as if someone was signalling, and our orders were to shoot.

One black night, about 12 o'clock, we saw a light flashing on and off, so we went towards it.

Then the corporal gave the order to "load," and the quiet was shattered by the noise of rifle bolts shot home.

Happily, we didn't fire.

The light came from a torch carried by a farmer who'd had too much to drink and was trying to find the way home in the dark!

LUXURY ISLE FLATS

An R.A.F. man who has recently returned from the Isle of Man writes indignantly to Mrs. Kerslake, of Dartington, Totnes, Devon:

I like the island, but the way they treat the internees makes one feel ill.

Japs, Italians and Germans interned there are living in huge hotels on the sea fronts. Hot and cold water in each room—fresh eggs and butter—no work and bags of play.

I wonder if our boys in Italy, Germany and Japan are getting the same treatment?

IT MAKES HIM MAD

Pte. David Mead, serving in a yeomanry regiment in the Middle East, waxes indignant in a letter to his mother at Bay Road, Bracknell:

Men have been killed and wounded out here in the desert, and then we get papers from home showing pictures of Land Girls walking arm-in-arm with Italian prisoners of war.

My golly! What's the matter with our girls?

Poor dears, some of them are three miles from the nearest village, and only get home once a month. It must be very tough for them, and they must need the sympathy of the Italians!

BACK TO CHILDHOOD

At a prisoners-of-war camp the arrival of parcels marks a Red Letter day. Arthur Good describes one such day in a letter to his brother at Wrawby, Brigg, Lincs:

Thanks for the parcel. To see all the lads opening parcels from home and from the Red Cross is to see us like kids at a party eagerly untying the strings and wondering what we have got.

One shirt in my parcel had been pinched or sent back home. The Red Cross people put in some chocolate, and how I look forward to that.

The boot polish was confiscated at this end for some reason or other—if you can manage to send me some hair oil I shall be glad of it.

GOOD JOB

And here is another tribute to the British Red Cross from John Chinneck in a letter to his parents at Canford Magna, Wimborne, Dorset:

Will you tell Percy's mother that when I last saw him he was fit and well. Did you know that he was wounded at Dunkirk?

We have quite a good lot of books and games from the Red Cross. You would be surprised if you knew all that the Red Cross has done for us. They are doing a splendid job.

ESCAPE

Pte. A. Bradley, now a prisoner-of-war at Stalag XXA, tells of his capture in a letter to his wife at Laburnum Street, Birtley, Co. Durham:

Nine of us were attacked by tanks and were under fire from four of them for about three-quarters of an hour.

Only one of us was hit, a lad named Thompson, of Sunderland, who was killed.

We were captured, but later, C.S.M. Neave, Ernie Miller and myself escaped.

We had good luck at first, but after five days of travelling, mostly at night, the C.S.M. was taken ill with dysentery, and as we could not leave him we were forced to give ourselves up.

This is my third camp and all goes well.

Both Neave and Miller were taken to hospital and I lost sight of them. Hope you are well.

WHATEVER HAPPENS

YOU know how it is with the ordinary folk when some Big Thing comes their way—they all become Big along with it; you see, folk are made that way. And this War, gigantic and grim as it is with its tears, and its pain, and its loss, has set a Hero-Shine on those Folk who have bravely shouldered its cross.

THEIR Little Streets have become History, streets with their doors on the path, and these folk whom the World didn't even know lived; have on Time carved their rough brave laugh. They've written their name forever in grime, these Martyrs of rubble and dust, and the place where they laid down their Lives will Live within the Future's Trust.

YOU know how it is, they just did their bit, for it seemed the right thing to do, yet amidst the Tundering Hell of it all it was GOD WHO to them Spoke. It was God Who Helped them all to rise to such amazing heights.

AND that's how it will be All Over again, WHATEVER HAPPENS, my friend. God will Speak and we'll hear, and carry on, and His Strength to us All He'll Lend.

★ Every week HUMANIST tackles a postbag of human problems, and he will help you if you are in doubt. Write to him at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. You will receive a guinea if your letter is quoted on this page (without, of course, giving your name).

"He is so domineering by nature and interferes with whatever I do . . . but he neither drinks nor smokes"

PUZZLED WIVES & A PUZZLE MAN

REQUESTS for advice on the never old and always thorny subject of husbands came to me this week.

"My husband is a good moral character," *says one reader.* "He is a teetotaler and non-smoker, but many times, were it not for loyalty to my marriage vow, I could have left him and had a happier life.

"He is so domineering by nature and interferes with whatever I do. If he can't have his own way all the time he makes me feel that I am in the wrong. He has always been on the moody side. Everything has to be ready just at the moment he wants it.

"If I resent his interferences, he says I am ungrateful. He criticises the way I do my housework and finds fault with my cooking. He always knows best.

"Sometimes he gets on my nerves until I feel I can't stand much more of it. The worst of it is that he is on the point of retiring, and I dread the thought of having him round the house all day and every day.

"What do you think I ought to do?"

I don't think a man can be called a good moral character merely because he has a number of negative virtues—doesn't smoke, doesn't drink, doesn't flirt. Surely nagging, grumbling, and persistent fault-finding are positive vices which outweigh the virtues?

I'm afraid this wife will have no peace of mind unless she makes a determined stand.

She ought to have done it in the early years of marriage. If he wants to cook by all means let him do it; but he should not consider himself a sort of foreman, overseer, and general manager.

"I WISH you could tell me what to do with my husband," *writes another woman.* "He retired last Easter and doesn't know what to do with himself. He wanders about looking bored. His health is quite good; he has no money anxieties; but he has sixteen hours a day and nothing to fill them. To see him mooning about makes me feel tired.

"If only he would join a bowling club, or go fishing, or do a little gardening! But he won't. He has no friends to speak of because all his friends were connected with his business in the City and they are miles away. Sometimes I think he will go melancholy mad."

That bored man ought to have taken up a hobby years ago. It is difficult to start so late. But there must be other retired men within a couple of miles of him. They ought to get together if only to exchange news, to discuss the problems of the day, to say what they would do if they were Prime Minister or Admirals or Air Marshals.

Those who are fit could do some voluntary war work; the rest should play draughts or dominoes or do crosswords. One retired man I know is writing a local history and finds it absorbing.

Another is reading the great books he has always wanted to read—novels like "War and Peace" and histories like "The Conquest of Peru." A third has taken up geology and a fourth woodcarving.

There are scores of interesting occupations for a man who has time to spare. When the remaining days are few it is lamentable that they should be wasted in boredom.

A SHORT time ago there appeared on this page a letter from a man who wanted to die. He was suffering from an incurable disease and wished the doctor could put him to sleep. A number of readers immediately wrote to me about the subject, but the most challenging came from a middle-aged man who refuses to die!

"According to the doctors," *he writes.* "I should have died years ago. I have a badly ruptured artery which may snap if I give a hearty laugh. I not only laugh heartily, but I smile broadly when I think of the doctors' verdict in 1919.

"Well, in 1942, I am likely to become a granddad, and next year I hope to hand over my second daughter to the safe keeping of one of our heroes in bell bottoms.

"Doctors have given up trying to convince me that I am always on the point of dying. I believe that will-power has something to do with my surviving. There is no reason why I should not live to be a hundred unless I want to go under.

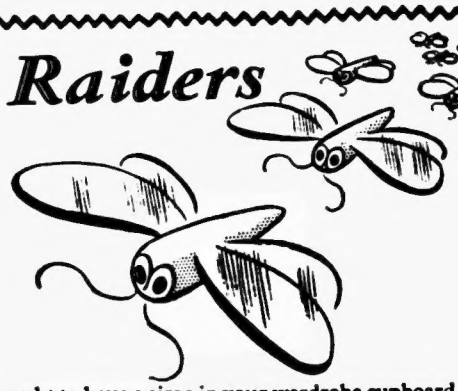
"Although I am 80 per cent. war disabled, I can put in a full day's work without tiredness or exhaustion. I rise at seven o'clock every morning and retire just as fresh at 11 p.m. I spend three nights a week and every Sunday morning as an officer in youth organisations. But I refuse to die because I am too busy.

"In 1918 I had a shell all to myself and spent a long time in various hospitals, but I have always refused to accept defeat in either health or happiness. I can't be cured, but I take such an interest in life that I can forget my last war legacy."

Every doctor knows that the patient who passionately wants to live will often recover from a serious illness whereas another who makes no fight will succumb. The great thing is to have a strong motive for wanting to live. That, however, is only half the truth.

The people who seem to be most afraid of death are also afraid of life. The writer of the letter is not afraid: he has more adventure in his spirit than many who are physically fit.

The Raiders



You almost ought to have a siren in your wardrobe cupboard! Moths do thousands of pounds' worth of damage every year. Clothes, furs, blankets, and all woollen goods are specially liable to attack. It isn't the moth that eats the cloth, however. The moth merely lays its eggs in the folds of the fabric, and when the grubs hatch out *they* do the damage. Moths lay their eggs in the summer time, so be on the look out for these pests now.

TO BEAT THE MOTH

Clear all clothes, blankets, etc., from your cupboards and chests of drawers. Brush them or shake them, and hang them in the open air and sunlight. Do this *regularly* every few weeks, or do part of the job regularly each week so that you do not forget. Moth balls, spraying and powders help, but regular brushing and airing are the best defence.

DARN THAT HOLE!

Holes, whether made by moths, by wear or by accident, should be darned at once. If "let go" for awhile, holes have a way of getting bigger. A neat darn is a work of art and it's well worth while to take a little time and trouble over the job.

Count your Coupons

When you are thinking of buying some garment or piece of material, count over your coupons and think of the warm things that you will need in the winter time. The cold weather is only a few weeks ahead. Better hold your coupons. Perhaps you can "make do" for the present with the clothes you have. Once your coupons are gone, they're gone.

ISSUED BY THE BOARD OF TRADE

FOR CROSS CHILDREN

Mother—when your children are cross and irritable—don't blame them. For a sluggish system clogged with sour waste matter is usually the cause of the trouble.

Act instantly to correct this evil. You can do it quickly, easily and safely with the remarkable "natural" remedy, 'California Syrup of Figs.'

This marvellously gentle laxative has a health-giving effect on the system. Children love it. And it quickly makes an astonishing change in their appearance and health. They gain wonderful new energy; and look and feel well overnight.

Get 'California Syrup of Figs' today. Be sure to ask for 'California Syrup of Figs' brand. Obtainable everywhere.

INDIGESTION BANISHED

Years of suffering conquered by

MOORLAND INDIGESTION TABLETS

"Having suffered for years from Indigestion and Flatulence, I tried Moorland Brand Indigestion Tablets after all other remedies had failed. I was surprised how quickly they brought relief. I never suffer now, thanks to your wonderful tablets. You may use this letter with pleasure."

(Signed) E. W., *Sheffield*

** Moorland Brand Indigestion Tablets give instant relief from indigestion, biliousness, dyspepsia, flatulence, acidity, heartburn, palpitation, gastric catarrh, and kindred troubles of the digestive organs. Sold at all chemists, 8½d. and 1/8d. including tax.*

diphtheria is DEADLY

Have your child Immunised FREE —*the sooner after the first birthday the better*

Ask at your Council's Offices or Welfare Centre

protect your child

Immunisation is safe and simple

THE MINISTRY OF HEALTH

D.7

LAST LAUGH

N. K. (Canterbury).—"I write this letter in a very irritable state of mind after shaving with a razor which my wife used to sharpen a pencil." And judging by the look of the letter you used that particular pencil.

P. Y. (Groombridge).—"Never run after a good meal." It is far better to make a manly confession to the management that you have left your money at home.

E. W. (Wapping).—"It is announced that it is not necessary to save fish-bones for collection." So anybody with a portion of kipper's spine stuck in his throat need not feel guilty of sabotaging the National Salvage effort.

D. U. (Brixton).—"I suppose there is a possibility that I shall be able to work in your office one day." Well, yes, but certainly not any longer.

G. A. (Manchester).—"I am all in favour of the opening of a second front. We must take big risks if we are to win." See letter below.

Mrs. A. (Manchester).—"My husband has been granted complete exemption from military service. Before he got this news he was very worried, but now he is full of beans." See letter above.

H. M. (Chelsea).—"Police visited a London club and took the names of over a hundred people." So far, no legal proceedings have followed and optimists among the guests are beginning to believe that it was merely a nuisance raid.

B. Y. (Morden).—"Radio has brought people closer together than anything else." Oh, we don't know. What about the railway carriage?

S. G. (Staplehurst).—"Solomon was the wisest man in the world and also the richest." No wonder. With all those wives he could get a big rebate of his income-tax.

T. C. (Arundel).—"In the evenings I sit at home and hold my wife's hand." Is she learning to play the piano?

A. R. (Mexborough). — "The better an Englishman enjoys himself, the quieter he is." Have you ever heard 50,000 football spectators whispering to the centre-forward to shoot?

M. T. (Addlestone).—"I feel perfectly certain in my own mind that I have found the influenza germ." We hope you'll keep it.

OLD BILL: By Bruce Bairnsfather

"Only stardust eh?"

Side-Slips

YORKSHIRE EVENING PRESS:—"Before he was REALISED he had to show his birth certificate."

EVENING NEWS:—"Railways have salvaged 1,400 steel fenders from EARTHS in waiting-rooms."

THE BOURNEMOUTH DAILY ECHO:—"Charenton is an industrial suburb on the eastern outskirts of Paris, and DIES on the Marne."

BRISTOL EVENING WORLD:—"Don't ask at the SWEEP shop how much chocolate and how many sweets you will be able to buy . . ."

THE STAR: ". . . directed that an expression of the magistrates' commendation of the officer's alertness should be CONVOYED to his chief constable."

GREATEST OF THESE

● The most serious problem confronting Mrs. Williamson is how to feed and clothe her two children. "I am dreading the approach of winter," she writes, "when they will both need warm clothing and strong shoes."

The younger child was born with a twisted foot, and is still receiving treatment. The unfortunate child also suffers from fits. The older one is very delicate, being subject to bronchitis.

This unhappy woman lost her husband in the defence of Calais. One of her brothers has been killed in action; another is "missing" from Libya—and three other brothers are still serving in His Majesty's Forces.

Will you please send a donation, earmarked "Anxiety," or for our General Fund, addressed to the Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund,* Box 44, 64, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Acknowledgments are sent where names and addresses are given, but we are equally grateful to those who send donations anonymously.

Lists of subscriptions are kept at this office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

There are no deductions for administration expenses.

**Registered under the War Charities Act, 1940, as "The JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund."*

Result of "BULLETS" 1,337

FIRST PRIZE £50

J. D. Jones, 9, Harcourt Rd., Mountain Ash, Glam., for this "Bullet."

NEEDED FOR VICTORY

HUMAN TOUCH—SUPERHUMAN BLOWS

£20: G. Ashton McKenny, Maybank, Southend Rd., Great Baddow, Chelmsford.
What We're Looking For—Quick End? Quicken Endeavour!

£10: W. Wiltshire, 1, Bryngoleu Tce., Pontllanfraith, Mon.
War-time Beer—Here's Luck! Here's Muck!

£5: Mrs. C. M. Morris, 3, Camberley Ave., Raynes Park, S.W.20.
Needed For Victory—All Battling—None Battening.

£4: F. H. C. Nightingale, 40, Walton Rd., Clacton-on-Sea.
At Our Charity Fete—"Sirens"—"Raiders"—No "Shelter"!

£3: Mrs. M. A. Bradbury, Moorcrest, Nth. Petherton, Bridgwater.
The Real Thing—Her Cooking, Despite Substitutes.

£2: G. Revans, 77, Powerscourt Rd., Portsmouth.
One Of The Ways—To Lose, To Lose.

30s.: R. G. Patterson, 295, Hunts Cross Ave., Woolton, Liverpool.
Dad's Tomatoes—Fine Guinea—Worth Radish!

30s.: Miss G. Forth, Warthill, York.
Needed For Victory—Indie Peaceful—And War-like.

24s.: W. Sparks, 7, Norfolk Bldgs., Bath.
Half The Rommels—We Possess, Peeling Potatoes!

22s.: E. Arnett, 43, Wellington St., Leek, Staffs.
Dad's Tomatoes—"Cherries" And "Greengages" Mixed Up.

20s.: G. E. C. Pearce, 16, Rowland Ave., Stapleton, Bristol.
Errand Of Mercy—According To Canvasser's Talk!

A list of 20 Winners of 10s. and 50 Winners of 2s. 6d. can be seen at these offices. The 1,000 Merit Awards have also been posted.

5 BIG CHEQUES

WON IN XWORD NO. 289

WINNING WORDS: 1. Money. 2. Boot. 3. Set 4. Trash. 5. Giant. 6. Bending. 7. Line. 8. Bob. 9. Cub. 10. Death. 11. Flesh. 12. Walter. 13. Bets. 14. Beats.

£100 SHARERS: Miss L. Grundy, 6, Vale Cres., Cheadle Hulme, Ches.; Miss M. B. Murray, St. Anthony's, West Runton, Cromer; M. Warner, Upper Winchendon, Nr. Aylesbury; J. R. Watson, 31, Avondale Rd., Chesterfield; Mrs. A. Wilson, 30, Albion St., Cheltenham.

Awards value £35 shared between 60 Runners-up.

SEE OPPOSITE PAGE FOR PRIZES VALUE **£340**

Less pain in no time

with a

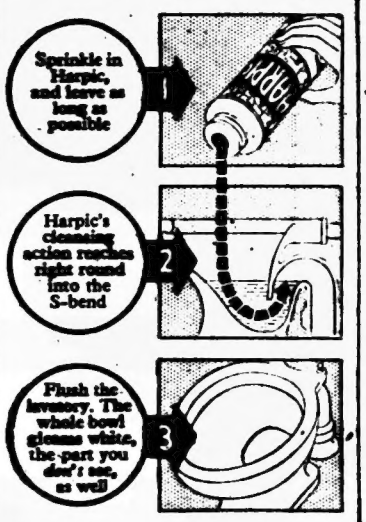
pick-me-up to follow!

Phensic is the QUICKEST—and the SAFEST, harmless to the heart, non-upsetting to the stomach. It is a grand pick-me-up—the ideal remedy if you have any kind of nerve or muscular pain 1/4, 3/3 *including Purchase Tax.*

Phensic

Proprietors of "FEN-SIC" DOES 'EM HARE HEAD

HARPIC cleans the lavatory easily


Sprinkle in Harpic, and leave as long as possible
1
Harpic's cleansing action reaches right round into the S-bend
2
Flush the lavatory. The whole bowl gleams white, the part you don't see, as well
3

Crowded homes—less time for housework—now is when you appreciate Harpic. Sprinkle it into the lavatory *and leave as long as possible* (last thing at night is a good time). Then flush. The whole bowl gleams white, all discoloration gone. The part you don't see is clean and sanitary too.

* * *

Nothing equals Harpic. Specially made for the lavatory, Harpic's thorough cleansing action removes all discoloration, effectively cleans, disinfects and deodorizes the whole of the pan.

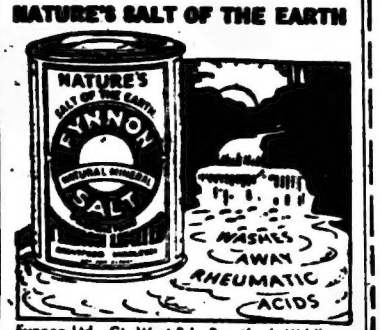
Thanks to Fynnon Salt

from Kentish Town

"I admire your 'human appeal' advertisements, the more so because I know the value of Fynnon Salt." So writes Mr. C. of Kentish Town! His letter continues: *"I ought indeed to know the value of Fynnon—for those nasty pains in the joints that once meant practically close confinement to a little room are now but a memory. I do not believe in keeping the good news from anyone, and I have always worked on the principle that anyone who complains of joint pains should go to Fynnon Salt and find relief."*

Fynnon Salt contains the natural salts of Sodium, Potassium, and Lithium. That's why Fynnon Salt can wash away rheumatic acids and effect such grand recoveries. Large tin of Fynnon Salt 1/6 at all chemists. Trial size 7d. *Prices include Purchase Tax. As a wartime economy Fynnon Salt is now packed in a round tin.*

NATURE'S SALT OF THE EARTH



Fynnon Ltd., Gt. West Rd., Brentford, Middlesex

CASH £325 and many other PRIZES VALUE OVER and BULLETS for X-WORDS

ENTER HERE for X-WORDS

£100 First Prize and Awards value £2[illegible] between Runners-up. For result of Xwords No. 289, see page 14. To win in this week's Competition, study Clues carefully and enter on Coupon below.

CLUES Answer every clue by entering letter in entry column.	3½ Entry-fee for 1 Col.	3½	3½	3½
1 YOU NEED WATER FOR THIS	T R E			
2 AS A RULE, FARMER HAS LITTLE NEED TO ARAE	S	E E P		
3 HAVING ONE OCCASIONALLY ADMITS BOY TO CHOOSE SUITABLE GARDEN		A D		
4 HOW AND AGAIN CHESS PLAYER'S OPPONENT'S NEXT MOVE IS	M A	E		
5 CLOTHES PEOPLE ONE ARE BOUND TO GET THIS		E A R		
6 BREAD CAN SOMETIMES CORRECTLY BE ACCOUNTED FOR BY	W I S			
7 HARMONY CAN BE SPOILT BY JARRING NOTE FROM	B	L L		
8 BLADE IN THIS IS OFTEN MADE TO BE EASILY BEND		A I R		
9 THE WORK OF RATEPAYERS' MONEY MAY DO BY WAY OF THIS	G R A	T		
10 SINGLE FLAW IN ONE IS VERY LIABLE TO PROVE FATAL	W	L L		
11 IN DESPAIR, WRECK OCCASIONALLY RESORTS TO THIS FOR HELP		O P E		
12 HAVING FELT ONE MAY MAKE A MAN SMART	H	T		
13 LOSS, HOPEFULLY ONE IS CONSIDER THE MOST MORNFUARY	W O R			
14 YOU SHOULD BE ABLE TO GET THIS FOR GARDEN WITHOUT MUCH DIFFICULTY		I M E		

I agree to enter in accordance with Rules and enclose necessary P.O. or stamps entry-fee, including 1d. for "Gazette," dated Sept. 26.

P.O. Value.....CLOSING POSTMARK

No.....MONDAY, SEPT. 14

Signed .....

Address .....

293

8 COLUMNS FOR ONLY 1/6

To the 4 cols. on coupon you may add extra 4 cols. in blank margin on right. Total entry-fee for 8 cols. is 1s. 6d. only, including TWO FREE.

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

ADDRESS ENTRY With Xwords you may enclose "Bullets"—one entry-fee covers both entries.

RULES 1.—First Prize in Bullets will be awarded for best Bullet received, and other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. Xwords First Prize will go to the competitor submitting most meritorious set of Answers to Clues provided, test in this case being aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to Clues. Prize divided in event of tie or ties. Awards value £25 between Runners-up. Not more than one Xword Prize per contest allowed to any one entrant. Complete Xword in ink, not pencil. 2.—The Editor undertakes that every entry in Bullets and Xwords shall receive careful consideration by staff of competent adjudicators. 3.—To cover 1d. Bulletin charge and entry-fee enclose P.O. or stamps—6d. per two Bullets or 6d. per two Xword columns used. Two Xword columns FREE with each six paid. Two Bullets FREE with each four paid. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, cross & Co.; write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Members of H.M. Forces allowed half-rate entry-fee if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated. 4.—Entries are only accepted on the condition that results of this week's Contests, to appear in "John Bull" dated Oct. 3, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families not eligible.

ENTER HERE for BULLETS **1ST PRIZE £50 CASH**

USE ANY of THESE "EXAMPLES"

£20, £10, 100s., 80s., 60s., 40s., 35s., 30s., 34s., 32s., 30s., 20 of 10s., 50 of 2s. 6d., 1,000 Merit Awards.

Simply add 2, 3 or 4 words of apt and original comment to any "Example." First Prize Joy Wire goes Friday, Sept. 25. Before starting on your efforts for coupon below, study the good points of the leading "Bullets" in our 1,337th Contest on page 14.

TITANIC STRUGGLE
OUR SAFETY
TO HELP INDIA
TOMMY'S PAY
BEFORE WE FORGET
FULL-TIME JOB
TO MAKE SURE
ONE OF THE BEST
BECOMING A JOKE
AN OLD FRIEND
IN THE DEPTHS
NOT THE THING
KNOCK-OUT BLOW

WHAT THE NAZIS DO
HISTORY'S VERDICT
WITH A FIRM HAND
HE TRIED AGAIN AND
OLD-FASHIONED IDEA
HARASSED HOUSEWIFE
DAD'S BEEN CALLED UP, SO

Six "Examples" here are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line.

UNLESS BRITAIN .....
WON'T BE .....
WAY TO TREAT .....
SHORT OF .....
FEELING .....
TO ..... TIMOSHENKO

EXAMPLE

BULLET

EXAMPLE

BULLET

2 FREE BULLETS allowed with 4 paid entries in Bullets coupon below.

I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee at the rate of 6d. for each two paid Bullets I am entering, my remittance including 1d. for "Bullets" Bulletin, dated September 26.

P.O. Value.....

No. .....

Closing Postmark 1,341 Monday, Sept. 14.

Signed .....

Address .....

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

ADDRESS ENTRY

"Bullets" No. 1,341—or Xword No. 293, "JOHN BULL," LORD'S ACRE, LONDON, W.S.2 (Comp.).

take Fennings LITTLE HEALERS

(Formerly known as "Lung Healers")

at the first sign of an attack of INFLUENZA BRONCHITIS OR COLDS

and Brighten your outlook

FROM ALL CHEMISTS 5d pkts., 1/3 & 3/- glass tubes

Write Alfred Fennings, Canvey I. Sx. for free copy of Fennings' Secret

KEEP YOUR FALSE TEETH IN PLACE

Try this new better way

Over 6,000 dentists say that the *best* thing they have found in all their professional experience for holding a dental plate (upper or lower) firmly in place is 'Dentenive.' It comes in a tube. *One application lasts all day.* Quickly applied—no taste. Marvellous results. Holds longer. Holds firmer. Prevents food getting under plates. It's almost like having your natural teeth back again. 7½d. and 1/3 at chemists.

HOW TO END INDIGESTION

Whenever you feel a touch of indigestion, it is a wise precaution to take a dose of MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder. The wide popularity of MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder is convincing evidence of the efficacy of this speedy and successful remedy for Stomach Pain, Flatulence, Heartburn, Nausea and proved safeguard against Gastritis and Stomach Ulcer.

MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder is obtainable from all chemists. Price 2/3. Also in Tablet Form in 7d. boxes, or bottles at 1/5 and 2/3 (including Purchase Tax). Only genuine if signed "ALEX. C. MACLEAN."

BACKACHE

Those awful, dragging pains in the back that make you feel "all doubled up" must be tackled with Sloans. After weeks of suffering, the swift relief afforded by this famous liniment is almost miraculous. Yes! Sloans penetrates to the tortured muscles, warms and soothes the tender tissues and quickly disperses the inflammation and congestion. Equally good for **rheumatism, lumbago, sciatica, neuritis, neuralgia, cramp and sprains.**

Sold by Chemists and Stores everywhere.

The relief is amazing!

SLOANS *for* **KILLS PAIN**

BAD LEGS

now as right as rain!

The awful agonies caused by eczema in the leg are banished for ever by Cadum Ointment. Thousands of life-long sufferers have been able to walk again after this wonderful healing ointment has done its work. Dreadful irritation *stops at once* and almost immediately a new healthy skin begins to form. Soon not a trace of this dread disease remains. No skin disease can resist wonder-working Cadum Ointment. Pimples, ringworm, piles, burns, quickly disappear. Of all chemists 1/5 and 3/5 a box (including tax).

Cadum

the wonder-healing ointment

"Tell me, doctor..."

what are the important properties of an antiseptic for personal use?"

In the first place an antiseptic must kill germs. But, more than that, it must kill them without damaging the tissues they have invaded. It must be selective, and must not interfere with the body's natural mechanism of healing and repair. An antiseptic for personal use must be non-toxic, non-corrosive, stable, and persistent in the presence of blood or pus; and for preference, agreeable in use. These are the properties of an antiseptic which medical science has sought since germs first came to be understood.

In the modern antiseptic 'Dettol' these qualities are united and combined; and to-day in our great hospitals and in private practice everywhere 'Dettol' is the chosen weapon of defence against the menace of septic infection.

FROM ALL CHEMISTS

DETTOL THE MODERN ANTISEPTIC

Trade Mark

After Irium

THE "TONGUE TEST" tells a different tale!

Run the tip of your tongue over your teeth. Feel that filmy coating? You need Irium—the new super-cleanser in Pepsodent. For Irium flushes film away and keeps it away by polishing teeth so shiny-smooth that film slides off. Change to Pepsodent to-day and see the brilliant change that comes over your teeth when dingy stain-collecting film disappears for good. The "Tongue Test" *after* you've used Irium will tell a different tale!

TAKE OLD TUBES BACK TO THE SHOP

7½d. 1/3 2/2 Including Tax.

PEPSODENT

216-q-B

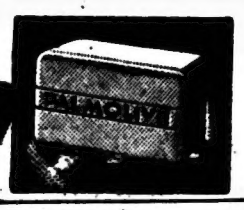
Iron Might

The iron you are asked to collect for armament manufacture will help to build the *iron might* essential to the victorious outcome of the war. So collect all things made of iron you can possibly do without and send them where they will help to give the United Nations the strength to win.

Issued by the Iron Jelloid Co. Ltd., who ask your indulgence in regard to any difficulty you may have in obtaining Iron 'Jelloids' which, for the time being, are available only in limited quantities of the 1/4 size. Price includes Purchase Tax.

Message from Headquarters... "keep that Schoolgirl Complexion"

Speed is essential in your job—but it's just as necessary to take care of your looks. So, use Palmolive soap every time you wash, every time you bath. Its rich, velvety, olive-oil lather soothes as it cleanses and beautifies. The constant use of Palmolive will ensure that now, and when Peace comes, you are "schoolgirl complexion" all over.



3½d. Including Tax

NEW NOW ON SALE AT YOUR CHEMISTS

Eye Lotion in handy TABLET form

Optabs EYE LOTION TABLETS

One Optabs Eye Lotion Tablet in ordinary tap-water makes an eye-bath full of stimulating eye lotion. Use Optabs—and tired eyes will sparkle again.

SAFETY FIRST

The unrivalled germ-killing action of Cuticura brand Ointment is your best possible safeguard against septic poisoning in cuts and all skin abrasions. Boils, chronic ulcers, rashes, festerings and gatherings all swiftly yield to its irresistible healing power.

Obtainable at all Chemists and Stores.

Cuticura OINTMENT

Keep Maltesers as a treat for special occasions. When the kiddies enjoy the Maltesers they've well and truly earned—what a moment for them! Even in these days of scarcity you'll occasionally pick up a few for them if you keep a sharp look-out. And how they'll appreciate those irresistible honeycomb centres—that delicious malty flavour *and* the rich chocolate coating. Watch their faces and see!

GRAND REWARDS FOR SPECIAL OCCASIONS

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